

GOLDEN NORTHWEST.

What a Philadelphia Man Thinks of the Country Along the North Pacific.

He Writes Home to the Press a Glowing Description of Dakota Towns.

Astonished at the Rapid Growth and Prosperity of the Great Northwest.

He Observes that Bismarck is the Liveliest City of its Size in the Country.

How It Looks to a Stranger.

Special Correspondence Philadelphia Press:

BISMARCK, D. T., Aug. 24.—I arrived here to-day and am now enabled to give you an account of the greatest country the sun ever shown upon, great not only in its extent, but also in the vastness of its resources and the fertility of its soil which produces everything that can be grown in the temperate zone, and which in the quality of its wheat and the quantity it produces to the acre cannot be equalled in the United States. Its great water courses furnish the power that moves the greatest mills in the world, and last, but not least, the enterprise and go-ahead-ness of the people, who are continually planning, working and moving to develop the resources of this splendid country, which together with the cordiality and uniform courtesy with which the stranger is met on every side combine to make it the most profitable as well as delightful portion of the country to live in. I have traveled fourteen years and supposed I had seen the west in all its greatness, but never until now had I the least conception of a country so grand.

MY TRIP TO ST. PAUL.

from the point at which I stopped last was an uneventful one, and I arrived in the confines of the great Empire of the New Northwest tired, hungry and dusty. Having registered at the Merchants I was soon made comfortable both as to the inner and outer man, and after a proper interval of rest went to work. You don't, of course, need a description of the situation of St. Paul, at the head of navigation on the Mississippi river, but to describe fully the progress the city has made within a few years, though interesting, could hardly be computed, its busy streets, the principal one of which looks like our Chestnut street during business hours, together with all the metropolitan sights and scenes and other and newer methods, modes and fashions combine to form a novel and most pleasing sensation. The city has grown immensely during the last few years, but has hardly kept pace with Minneapolis, which is no doubt the largest and by far the most interesting city, owing to the water power of the latter, and the fact that a great deal of St. Paul capital is

INVESTED IN MINNEAPOLIS.

This latter city is eight miles from St. Paul further up the river and from a town of 13,000 inhabitants of a few years ago, has grown to the proportions of one of 65,000. It has the largest flour mill in the world, which daily turns out and ships 4,300 barrels of flour, its saw mills are almost without number and the value of its manufacturing interests generally is almost beyond calculation. No one could believe without seeing it, the wonderful progress the city is making to be one of the most powerful and richest in our land. Some idea may be formed of how it is done here when I tell you that this year alone there are in process of erection 1,200 dwelling houses in addition to 150 brick stores and 80 frames.

The country between Minneapolis and this point not only along the line of the roads, but in the interior, is filled with flourishing towns and villages, containing an industrious and enterprising people who are both hospitable and refined.

I might name many places at interest en route, but space forbids a notice of any but the most prominent.

FARGO.

The end of a division of the Northern Pacific Railroad is known as the metropolis of the golden belt. It is situated on the Red River, and is the natural centre of one of the most fertile agricultural counties on the globe. It is this valley that produces the finest grade of wheat known, the No. 1 hard, from which the fancy brands of flour are made, and

which at all times commands higher prices than any other wheat. Moorhead is another city on the opposite bank of the river, though not quite so large is somewhat similar to Fargo, from which fact they are sometimes called the dual city. The people of Fargo are enterprising, liberal in business and justly proud of their growing city. It contains some of the largest agricultural machinery and other manufactories west of Chicago. Near here is situated the great Dalrymple Farm, containing 47,000 acres, 40,000 of which are under cultivation and 5,000 more being broken.

Eastern people can hardly form an idea of such a farm and to see this alone is worth considerably more than the price of the fare, but think of it, 700 men continually employed, and this year 300 reapers were required to cut the grain grown upon it.

JAMESTOWN

or as it is more familiarly known as "Jimmie town," on the James river, is about one hundred miles northwest of Fargo, and like all towns out here is rapidly growing, and filled with an industrious, enterprising population, which is daily on the increase. Lots which could be bought a year or two since for a mere song are now rapidly advancing to figures of \$100, \$300 and \$500, though land in the vicinity can for a short time be bought cheap or even pre-empted. There are many more points of interest between Jamestown and Bismarck as well as immense wheat farms.

BISMARCK.

I find a most prosperous city of 3,500 inhabitants, with good schools, churches and society, and by no means the wild frontier town supposed by many to be. The city is beautifully located on a rising second bench, about one mile from the mighty Missouri river, which is navigable for large steamboats 1,200 miles northwest to Ft. Benton, Montana. There are twenty-two steamboats plying between this point and points above during navigation. Last year they carried over 40,000,000 pounds of government and private freight from Bismarck to the various military posts and towns on the Upper Missouri and Yellowstone rivers. The town is growing rapidly and at least 200 buildings have been erected this year. One is impressed with the life and activity of the people in Bismarck. All is life and stir and real estate booms are whispered in your ear on every side. Property has increased in value 100 per cent. during the past six months and is increasing rapidly all the time. Good land can still be had by pre-emptors and homesteaders ten and twelve miles from the city. Bismarck is a metropolis and destined to become the greatest commercial centre of North Dakota.

BEAUTIFUL LAKES.

Before closing I must not omit to mention briefly the beautiful lakes contiguous to the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. There are a number of them, the principal being White Bear Lake and Minnetonka. Both are fashionable watering places, and are supplied with the best hotels, and have all the conveniences for driving, boating, bathing, fishing, etc. that pertain to more eastern summer resorts, with the added comforts of refined society from all parts of the United States, and a freedom and "do as you please" manner as novel as it is pleasant.

F. W. M.

In a Well 17 Days.

Sunday last, while in the act of drawing water from the well in Stoyell's livery stable, the bucket was found to have hold of something heavier than its fill of water, and it was supposed that by chance it had fastened on to a bag of coal that had been thrown into the well to purify it, but on examination it was found that there was a man in the well. Steps were taken immediately to secure the body, grappling hooks being lowered. The hooks soon fastened to the corpse and when brought to the surface it was found that the dead man was Mr. Nelson McNeill, who had been driving a hack for some time for Stoyell. He had been missed for several days, but as he was rather eccentric and occasionally took a vacation without notice nothing was thought of the matter. Mr. McNeill was universally respected, and all expressed sorrow at his untimely death. He was about 65 years of age, and came from Eau Claire, Wis., about three years ago, where he was a heavy contractor, and was at one time very wealthy. His funeral took place Sunday, Rev. Bull officiating.

HOLD UP YOUR HANDS!

The Order from McKenzie that Brought Two Crooks to Jail.

On the Nellie Peck yesterday were two suspicious looking characters. They were held in that light by the captain and no less by those who saw them get off the boat. Mr. Cushman imparted the intelligence to Sheriff McKenzie, who immediately set at work to capture them. He was given a description of them as near as possible, and a neat piece of detective work followed. A man was stationed on top of the flouring mill, and another on the court house to scour the country over, while McKenzie started in search about town. Presently a man was seen walking slowly away from the city, north. McKenzie started after him, and with a trusty rifle made him hold up his hands to be searched. At first he objected, but seeing that McKenzie was determined and about to ready his rifle, he quietly consented to the arrest. Shortly after another man was seen going south-east, and was in a similar manner brought down by Tom Fortune. They gave their names as Hutchinson and Prophet. One had a knife and the other some crackers and cheese which was probably intended for a grand repast at their reunion at the next station. The cause which led to suspicion of crime, was the reports along the river of thieves having "gone through" several ranchmen, and of the missing United States mail pouch, and the driver of the mail wagon. Several passengers recognize the men as the ones pointed out to them as the robbers of the ranches, and the further testimony of the passengers will be taken to-day. Word has not yet been received from Fort Stevenson, and it is not known yet whether the mail carrier has appeared or has been foully dealt with. Such characters will understand after a while that none of them can get through Bismarck without being captured by Sheriff McKenzie.

Death of "Tom Fox."

Monday afternoon Thomas Lenard better known as Tom Fox, while sitting on his dray opposite the Main street park, began to spit blood and complained of being ill. In a short time he fell to the ground, and attention to his illness was thus attracted, and he was then removed to the Merchant's Hotel, where he died in less than half an hour. As he was dying from what the physicians termed neuralgia of the heart, he sent for Sheriff McKenzie and gathered as many of his friends around as possible. In reply to questions he said he had no friends or relatives that he desired notified of his death, and stated that he wished to give all his property to Mr. L. N. Griffin, an old time friend. After this remark he asked for chloroform to relieve the pain and shortly afterward died. Mr. Lenard came to Bismarck about nine years ago and for a time served as night watchman at the jail. He was honest and industrious and had many friends. Mr. Griffin, to whom he left his property (consisting of three houses and lots and property of a total value of about \$4,000), a few years ago bought him a draying outfit and has since transacted all his business. When poor, Mr. Griffin gave him his board for some time, and when he sold the Merchants Hotel made it a part of the agreement that Fox should be boarded for \$4 a week. Mr. Lenard has many times stated in the presence of witnesses that he should give his property to Mr. Griffin as a return for his kindness. Deceased was conversing with several persons a few moments before his fatal illness and complained of not feeling well. He was a man of many peculiarities but was universally respected.

Kidder County Boom.

STEELE, Aug. 30.—One of the most severe storms of the season raged last evening. No damage was done, but the rainfall was very large. For three hours it poured down without intermission. A number of prospectors out looking for land received a good soaking, but not sufficient to dampen their desire to locate at the booming county seat. Several lots were purchased by a couple of Pennsylvania gentlemen, and contracts made for the building of two fine stores to be completed before the first of next June. One will be used as a hardware and the other as a general store. The new hotel will be one of the neatest on the line. The main portion will be thirty-two by sixty feet and finished off in good style. It will contain large, airy rooms and a half third story is provided for emigrant parties. Three residences will be built immediately,

ly, and by the first of November quite a town will be seen where now there is naught but stacks of wheat. Steele's new barn, thirty by forty, is nearly completed and next month will be one of the attractions of Kidder county. Mr. Steele's residence is now one of the finest residences on the line, and the interior is equal to any in Dakota. A professional paper hanger from Minneapolis has been at work for some time ornamenting the walls with the finest velvet paper, and the house is furnished throughout, fit for a queen. The country around Steele is rapidly filling up, and five farm houses are now going up in sight of town.

An Opening for a Newspaper.

George E. Dudley, of Corning, Iowa, writes THE TRIBUNE to know where there is an opening for a newspaper on the line of the North Pacific, or a chance to purchase a half interest in a well established paper. Mandan presents the best opening. It is a live, go ahead town, as everyone of its people feels that theirs is to be the coming city of the great northwest, and it surely will be at no distant day a city of several thousand inhabitants. The people in Mandan would take pride in and encourage in every way possible a good, reliable newspaper. They would be liberal in their advertising, and would extend largely their job accounts. The present outfit, which is wholly inadequate to the wants of the city, might be purchased, perhaps, or a new paper started without regard to it. Six pages of the present paper are patent and the other two are made up without column rules. There is neither enterprise or common sense showed in the management of the paper, as will be seen from the specimen copy sent, which is really an unusually good number. Mr. Dudley, or any other person looking for an opening, is by all means recommended to visit Mandan and look the ground over.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Postoffice at Bismarck, D. T., August 29, 1881, and if not called for in 30 days will be sent to the Dead Letter office, Washington, D. C.

Abbott, Thos H. McCabe, John
Dickenson, Henry A. Olson, J. P.
Fleming, Frank Olson, Nels P
Gould, A. O'Brien, L. O
Gounaz, G. W. Ohesson, N. P
Gardner, J. C. Peterson, Frank
Graham, Richard Paxton, Joshua W
Goffin, Thomas Quislin Mrs. Joseph's
Hill, Chas W. Quislin, Thomas
Hill, C. C. Spencer, Fred W
Hyde, Chas W. Siem, J. C
Hunt, Frank Smith, John B
Hanson, May Steward John
Hanson, R. W. Smith, P. N
Kundsen, Louis Smith, P. F
Kundsen, Lues Velleck, John
Kelly, J. W. Walker, Carrie
Koonz, Peter E. Williams, Martel
Lange, Chr. Wilcox, Myron
Mox, C. H. Woodward, J. W. W
Persons calling for the above letters will please say "advertised."

C. A. LOUNSBERRY, P. M.

Reduced Rates East.

The Northern Pacific has caught on the reduced eastern rate scheme, and now offers a great reduction from former fares to all principal points east of St. Paul, including Washington, Boston and New York. Passengers buying tickets to either of these points at Bismarck, Jamestown, Casselton, Fargo, Moorhead, Glyndon, Detroit or Brainerd will be entitled to the present cut rates. This state of affairs will continue until further notice, but it is a good scheme to buy tickets now if going east soon. Round trip tickets will also be sold to the great Northwestern Exposition at Minneapolis at greatly reduced rates.

The Minstrels.

The Arlington Minstrel company last evening played to a large audience, and gave a first class entertainment. There are but one or two specialty artists in the combination, but the company as a whole is better than many who make greater pretensions. The jokes were all of the very latest, and there was a sparkle and vivacity to every act that kept the audience in the best of humor. The Pinafore burlesque is the best ever produced, and Billy Arlington is a whole show in himself. Another performance is to be given this evening.

Bismarck at the Fair.

Mr. J. F. Wallace left Wednesday for Minneapolis. He has been preceded by a car load of fine specimens, wheat, oats, barley, grass, vegetables, timber, wild and tame fruits, petrifications, young trees, views of Bismarck and Mandan, the upper Missouri, brick, coal, sugar cane nine feet high, grown on sod, etc. Taken as a whole the collection is far ahead of last year. It is hoped that all who attend the Fair from the northwest will make the Burleigh and Morton stand at Floral Hall their headquarters. The larch string is out.

IMPROVEMENT.

Continues in the Case of the President and All Symptoms are More Hopeful.

The Bulletins Received Indicate that All May Hope Although the Case Is Still a Critical One.

The Authorities at Standing Rock Trying to Decide the Hunting Question—Other News.

Possibilities of a Hunt.

Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune.

FORT WATERS, Sept. 1.—The "Hump" to-day returned the two lodges removed from Sitting Bull's camp, having been ordered so to do by the commanding officer. The Indians are all very anxious to go out on a buffalo hunt, but it is probable that no action will be taken in the matter until the arrival of Major McLaughlin.

It is a subject of frequent speculation what Major McLaughlin will decide to do. To allow the recently surrendered Indians to go on a hunt, unless fully guarded by a military escort, would be a rather dangerous experiment; and to attempt to control a hunting party with the troops at hand would be well nigh impossible.

On the other hand, the benefits to be derived from a buffalo hunt are varied and of great importance to the comfort and welfare of the Indians.

It would be a great hardship to deprive the Indians who are willing to go and enjoy a peaceable hunt from doing so, but it is readily apparent that it will be an extremely difficult matter to make a discrimination between them and the recently hostile band.

Shot by Horse Thieves.

Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune.

ASSINIBOINE, Aug. 31.—Last Friday two horse thieves were captured below the Coal Banks with 120 head of horses. Yesterday morning while cooking breakfast one of the prisoners grabbed a rifle and ordered hands up. All hands went up but two. Jake Weitz made an effort to get his revolver, and while in the act he was shot through the breast for not obeying orders. He is here in the hospital, not likely to live. The other thief saddled up three of the best horses, and while his pard watched to keep the hands up, they rode away, saying they would meet them again. Weitz was employed as a scout at Buford in 1877. All of the horses are here. Most of them belong to the mounted police.

Gold at Glendive.

Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune.

GLENDIVE, Aug. 31.—Gold was discovered in the hills yesterday, about nine miles from town. A large number of prospectors are out to-day. Specimens were brought in and examined by competent parties. Claims are being rapidly taken up, and a general rush is anticipated. Those having claims refuse to sell at any price. Old and experienced forty-niners from the Black Hills are out to-day. Everybody feels confident that it is not a sell.

Official Bulletin.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, 6:30 P. M.—The condition of the President has not materially changed since the last bulletin, except that there has been a moderate increase of temperature this afternoon. It having been represented to us that a portion of this morning's bulletin had been misunderstood, we would state that the President has no "rigor" and has not had for several weeks. At present his pulse is 108; respiration, 18; temperature, 99.4.

[Signed]

D. W. BLISS,
J. K. BARNES,
J. J. WOODWARD,
ROBT. REYBURN,
F. H. HAMILTON.

Decided Improvement.

The following dispatch was received by Lieut. Grimes over the military line yesterday:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, 9 A. M.—The President's condition this morning indicates a decided improvement. He frequently asks for food, and during the night his sleep was calm and refreshing. Pulse, 100.

Teachers' Examination.

There will be an examination of teachers for the public schools of Bismarck held at the school house to-morrow at 2 o'clock.

THE DAY'S DOINGS.

Condensed from the Most Reliable Telegraphic Dispatches up to the Time of Going to Press with this Side of our Paper.

RAILROAD RUMBLINGS.

Kate Hutton, known as "Long Kate," was instantly killed in St. Paul Thursday night, by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of her negro paramour. The deceased has been in St. Paul for twelve or fourteen years and has always been engaged in the business of keeping houses of ill-fame, and was always a striking figure. She was fully six feet in height, and was constantly, when on the street, arrayed in costly materials and gaudy colors. She was the most notorious of her class, and was a "loud" appearing personage.

Preliminary plans for a depot to be erected by the Canadian Pacific at Winnipeg have been prepared by Mr. Buffington, the St. Paul architect. It will accommodate six tracks, all under cover, and will have the general offices of the company on the second story. The plan has not yet been decided on by the board, but is likely to be adopted. The cost will be about \$75,000.

A tragedy occurred about ten miles from Johnston, S. C., between J. W. Buzzard and his son and J. W. Timmerman, in which Timmerman was killed and Buzzard and son seriously wounded. An old feud was the cause of the affair. The weapons used were double-barreled shotguns.

W. T. Kirke, for the past three years private secretary to F. B. Clarke, general traffic manager of the Omaha line, has resigned to accept a lucrative position in Palestine, Tex., in the office of the general freight agent of the International & Great Northern railroad.

OUR CRIMINAL CALENDAR.

News of a most horrible affair in Cook county, Texas, has been received. Some time since Ben Blanton, ex-sheriff of the county and a desperate man, met James Todd, who had been a witness against him in a law suit, and abused and insulted him. They separated, each vowing to meet the other for settlement. The men met, when both drew weapons and fired. Todd was shot through the heart and in the breast. The top of Blanton's head was blown off. Both men were dead when discovered.

At Forest City, Ark., Tate Wallace invited S. D. Apperson, city marshal, to take a cigar while standing at the counter of the saloon. Apperson drew a pistol and said, "I believe I'll shoot you." Tate, thinking he was joking, replied, "Shoot away." Apperson fired, killing him instantly. No cause can be assigned for the murder, for the two men were, apparently, on the best of terms.

Gov. Crittenden of Mo., has issued a requisition on the governor of Virginia for the notorious Gen. A. Morton, who was arrested at Lynn, Mass., some days ago and taken to Richmond. His real name is J. B. Clingman, and he was committed to jail in Jasper county.

Crow Dog, the murderer of the amorous Spotted Tail, has been taken to Deadwood to stand his trial for murder under white law. He probably prefers this to the fate that he would meet if the case were left to Sioux adjudication.

The editor of the Manitowoc (Wis.) Journal, named Christie, was arrested for stealing money from his landlady. He pleaded guilty and was sentenced to thirty days in the county jail.

WEEKLY RECORD OF CASUALTIES.

At Campbellsville, Ky., the boiler of Henry Moody's saw mill exploded with deadly results. Engineer Henry Gaines was killed, part of the boiler striking him on the head and taking the entire upper portion of it off. Jack Fletcher and Sam Cook were mortally wounded. B. Allen was scalded from the waist down, but will recover.

At Omaha, Edward Coomer was instantly killed by a pile-driver. The heavy weight was raised by means of a windlass worked by horses, which were driven by him. The windlass broke loose, revolving with great rapidity, and the arm struck Coomer on the back of the head, fracturing the skull.

The Shoe and Leather Fire Insurance company of Boston, Mass., has applied to the commissioner for authority to do business in Minnesota.

A 2,000 barrel still of the Standard Oil works at Cleveland exploded on the 28th.

Jean Baptist Village, near Montreal, was burned on Saturday last.

GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

A fuller investigation of the Musgrove Alpaca company's affairs at Chicago shows the runaway Musgrove has swindled his partners, Anderson and Dunn out of more than \$100,000. The total losses of the firm through his transactions will amount to \$226,000. No traces of his whereabouts can be discovered. His victimized partners say they will give up every dollar they possess to meet the demands of their creditors. The blow comes especially hard on Anderson, who is over sixty years of age.

Protestant Episcopal bishop of Tennessee in a sermon at Seaford church, London, on Sunday, about the assassination of President Garfield, and supposing he was dead, said: "The death of the president was inevitable, as he had dared to attempt to strangle crime, and intimated that it was the result of a plot to bring about a change of administration in order to prevent the completion of investigations."

Senator Allison of Iowa was interviewed in St. Paul and in regard to the organization of the senate he said:

"There will be a compromise. The parties are evenly divided and I feel sure the Democrats would give the president pro tempore and take the secretaryship, perhaps, made vacant by the death of Mr. Burch. There will be no disposition to quarrel, I feel assured, but all will be arranged harmoniously."

W. P. Andrews, state senator from Kent county, Michigan, in 1877, has become insane from a wound in the head received during the war, and while being taken to the asylum Monday he escaped and is yet unheard from. He received the wound at Missionary Ridge.

The following is the greenback ticket just nominated in Massachusetts: Governor, Israel W. Andrews; lieutenant governor, George Dalton; treasurer, George Foster; secretary, A. B. Brown; auditor, Wilbur T. Whitney; attorney general, D. O. Allen.

Rev. W. D. Atwater, presiding elder of the River Falls, Wis., district who has been involved in an unpleasant scandal, has written his resignation to Bishop Fos.

Omaha is agitated by a conflict between the city council and the saloon keepers on one side and the temperance alliance on the other, and the feeling is very bitter.

J. T. Polk, a rather extensive packer of canned goods at St. Louis and at Greenwood, Ind., has failed. Neither assets nor liabilities are yet known.

The Rev. McKim, of East Liverpool, O., is to succeed Rev. G. H. Davis as pastor of St. John's Episcopal church of St. Cloud.

Joseph Rudolph, a brother-in-law to the president, left Friday for Washington, in company with Capt. Henry. Mr. Rudolph has been in charge of the Mentor homestead while the

president has been away, and has had the care of the president's two younger sons, nine and eleven years old. In obedience to a telegram from Mrs. Garfield these sons were left at Mentor. They were informed of the president's almost hopeless condition, and were greatly distressed, but did not murmur on being told they could not go to him.

Attorney General MacVeagh, in referring to the war department letter returning the opinion of Attorney General Devens of February 21, 1881, relative to questions of rank between officers of the same grade and date of appointment.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

There is a story about Mrs. Garfield and the doctors which needs confirmation: Two of their number were selected to wait upon Mrs. Garfield and inform her that medical assistance could do no good; that she must prepare for the worst. The interview which occurred between these surgeons and Mrs. Garfield would, if reports are true, be regarded as one of the most dramatic incidents in this extraordinary case. Capt. Henry, marshal of this district, a friend of the president and his family, says that Mrs. Garfield heard the news, and, smothering her emotion, arose and said: "Gentlemen, you shall not give him up. He is not going to die; he is going to live. I know it. Go back to your post and leave it not until every remedy is exhausted, until death itself has set the seal upon him, for I will not believe that he is dying. Go back and do what you can. You cannot do more, but don't give up. I am his wife, and I say that we will not give up until the end itself is upon us."

On the day of shooting, when the universal expectation was that the president would not survive more than a few hours, he was asked whether he had any communication to make or any business to transact which one in his position might be expected to have. The president replied, in substance, that he had not; that he was prepared to die, and that it would be, as he expressed it, all right whether he lived or died; that he met death without fear, and as a Christian; that his affairs were in order; and that there was nothing which he wished particularly to do, and that he cared to do nothing.

ment, gives an opinion in which he says he is unable to concur, and states that the word appointment in section 1,219, revised statutes, applies only to the original entry of the officer into the regular service and not to promotion by seniority as defined in the regulations of the army.

In the cars on his way to Portland Gen. Hancock was asked his opinion of Gen. Arthur, and with much warmth replied that he was an able, patriotic and high-minded man, and in the event of his being called to the chief magistracy, he would discharge its duties with but one purpose, that of benefiting the entire country, and that the people might rely on his judgment with absolute confidence.

Officials of the bureau of statistics of the treasury maintain that the recent rise in wheat in the Chicago board of trade is much more than the situation warrants, taking into consideration the surplus of last year, the crop of this year in the United States, and the harvest prospects abroad.

There seems to be some difference of opinion in regard to the president's present weight. Secretary Blaine and Dr. Boynton estimate it about 125 pounds. Dr. Agnew, on the other hand, is reported to have said he did not believe the president had lost as much flesh as this would indicate.

A London special says the rainy weather throughout England continues, and the Archbishop of Canterbury has published a form of prayer for favorable weather.

Prayer for the recovery of President Garfield was almost universal in England on Sunday last.

OVER THE OCEAN.

The London Daily News says it has become evident the English tenants mean to bestir themselves to obtain redress of their legitimate grievances. Various agencies are co-operating to bring the English land laws within the range of practical politics. Gladstone has recently repeated his opinions as to the desirability of legislating on the subject without delay.

Finlay Dun, Esq., of the London Times, who has done more toward developing the resources of Minnesota than any other man abroad, and Robert Craig, Esq., land agent of the St. Paul & Sioux City railroad company in England, arrived in New York Thursday and will be in St. Paul this week. Their mission is one of considerable importance.

The London Times, referring to the election in Belleville, France, says Gambetta has become the representative of a large majority in the country, and the elections have placed him almost under the necessity of assuming power. This will necessarily result in the formation of a ministry with Gambetta at its head.

News has been received from St. Petersburg of the recent arrests there, including the official of the general staff, who is accused of advising the revolutionists of the precautions which the government is taking. Although the prisoners are filled with persons accused of political crimes very few are brought to trial.

The report of the Seine has informed Mr. Morton United States minister here, in a letter which is very complimentary to him and to Americans, that the Place de Bitch, where his office is situated, has been named Place Des Etats Unis.

A large force of men have arrived at Boycott's house, at Lough Mask, to assist in gathering his crop.

The President's Treatment.

From the Medical Record.

Whatever may be the result of the case, it is due to the gentlemen in charge to say that the treatment has been skillful from the start, and that every means has been used to mitigate the sufferings of the patient, and to ward off every possible danger from all threatened complications. As might have been expected, the management of the case has been open to much criticism by the secular press. It is to the credit of the profession, and especially of the gentlemen in charge of the case, that so little can be said concerning what might have been done and what was not done. Despite the journalistic prescriptions in some of our leading dailies, the people have continued to maintain a confidence in the attending and consulting surgeons which is as gratifying as it is necessary. There seems very justly to be to be but one sentiment entertained both by the profession and the public regarding the judicious manner in which this case has been treated.

The death of Mrs. Millard Fillmore serves to recall a singular incident connected with her two husbands. In 1847, while she was the wife of Hon. Ezekiel McIntosh, of Albany, Mr. Fillmore was candidate for the position of comptroller of New York. Some persons who desired to defeat his election raised about \$20,000 for the purpose and placed it in the hands of Mr. McIntosh, instructing him to place it in a bank in his own name and not to make the matter public. He did as desired, but before the fund could be drawn out to use for election purposes the treasurer fell sick and died. Mr. Fillmore was elected comptroller, and many years afterwards married Mrs. McIntosh, and received as a part of her dowry, the money that had been raised to defeat his election. The ex-president used to enjoy telling the story, and often remarked that "the money was placed where it would do the most good" to him.

A CRITICAL WEEK.

President Garfield Has Been Down in the Dark Valley of the Shadow of Death.

Hovering on the Brink of the Great Unknown, Given Up by Physicians and Friends.

But an Iron Will and Indomitable Pluck Enabled Him to Safely Pass the Crisis.

A Steady and Continuous Improvement Noted by the Surgeons Since Last Saturday Morning.

TUESDAY.

A WHACK AT THE WOULD-BE WISEACRES. WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—There has been no perceptible change in the president's condition to-day. He has not gained any strength neither has he lost ground. All that can be said in favor of the case is that another day has passed without change for the worse and that the general symptoms of the patient are improved. Several days must necessarily elapse without any marked change in the condition of the president before evidences of progression can be observed. If there should be another relapse it would almost certainly prove fatal. The physicians are encouraged by the manner in which the glandular swelling is succumbing to treatment. The discharge of healthy pus from the numerous incisions continues, the swelling is greatly reduced, and there are no indications of the spread of the affection to any other part of the body. Dr. Bliss made a fourth incision in the gland this morning. The first incision was made high up on the gland. To-day a cavity was punctured at the lower end of the gland. The barriers of the small pus cells intervening between the incisions have broken down, and there is now a clear passage from one end to the other of the gland. After the incision made to-day, which was very deep, a tube was inserted in the gland, and it was thoroughly washed out with an antiseptic solution of potash. With this complete drainage, it is thought that all the pus accumulated in the gland will be thrown off by the improved condition of the blood, after which the gland will heal. The hearing of the right ear is likely to be affected by the discharge through the auditory meatus, and if the right parotid gland heals and the president recovers, the right side of his face will always present a

BADLY DISFIGURED APPEARANCE. Dr. Boynton says the wound is not improving. It is not granulating well. The last incision, three inches deep, made by Dr. Agnew gapes widely open and is of a pale ghastly color. The ball, contrary to the hopes of the physicians, has not encysted and is gravitating downward in the direction of the rectum. There is said to be a possibility that the ball may take another and more dangerous direction, but it is evident that in any event if the president recovers the ball will have to be cut out. The septic condition of the blood is gradually disappearing. The small spots on the body, which indicated tainted blood two weeks ago, have disappeared. While it is impossible to say that the septic condition may not return, the doctors believe that the trouble, once conquered, it will not return. The patient's stomach continues to do well. The use of stimulants, discontinued last night, was resumed this morning, it having been ascertained that they gave a useful tonic to the system. The diet to-day consisted, as usual, of milk porridge, beef extract, koumiss and a small piece of milk toast. The statement that the patient has lost what little appetite he possessed is untrue. He eats with relish. The president has passed a comfortable afternoon. He has eaten, drank and slept without disturbance. The lancing of the gland, this forenoon, gave him considerable pain, and the effect of the operation was perceptible in the pulse, which rose from 102 to 116. There was considerable curiosity and some alarm manifested on the street at this increase of pulse, but about 2 o'clock the reassuring news that it had fallen to 108 was unofficially announced at the executive mansion. There were but few callers at the White House to-day beside the members of the cabinet, who only remained long enough in their consultation room to obtain information from the physicians.

RECOVERY IS MORE THAN PROBABLE. WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—Late this evening Dr. Boynton said were it not for the advent of septicemia in the president's case he would now be convalescent. The stomach trouble of two weeks ago, the glandular complication, the stupor and delirium, the rapid pulse, the loss of strength, etc., were all due to this cause. The wonderful vitality the president enabled him to overcome all dangers and complications attending the wound prior to the occurrence. Blood poisoning in his case septicemia has undermined the very foundations of life, producing a condition much resembling typhoid fever, attended with stupor, delirium and great prostration. The processes of digestion and assimilation had been pretty much arrested, do that, although he partook of a sufficient amount he became greatly emaciated and exhausted. The blood besides being vitiated by the absorption of septic matter became more and more depraved on account of the inability of the system to assimilate and transform into blood. He has been laboring under this blood poisoning some time, and during the past week it became evident that unless a favorable change occurred the vital powers would give way. The problem was now to sustain his strength until nature could eliminate the poison. If the blood poison continues to be eliminated and no more septic matter be absorbed, he will slowly but surely regain his strength. In his present condition it is not impossible that there may be further absorption of septic matter which would bring with it serious complications, but I confidently hope such will not be the case. No irreparable mischief has occurred to any vital organ and recovery is more than probable.

A GENERAL SUMMING UP.

WATCHING THE SYMPTOMS. WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—The following information respecting the President's case and expressions of opinion come from one of the surgeons in attendance, whose name, for obvious reasons, is not given. At the operation upon the gland to-day, it was found necessary to ligate an artery that was cut in making the opening, in order to check the flow of blood. An examination is now made

every day to detect the presence of tubercles on the lungs. None have been discovered. The heart as well as the lungs is being closely watched. All the glands, too, are closely observed for indications of swelling, but so far nothing of the kind has occurred except in the case of the right parotid cavity. Close watch is being kept for it, and examination is made each time the enema is administered, as it is expected to make its appearance alongside of the lower bowels. As soon as it is discovered in this region, an operation will be performed to remove it. It is going down simply by force of gravity, and it is looked for every day now to come near enough the lower intestines to be detected by the sense of touch. The president is very sensitive to the heat or cold of the external air, no matter what the temperature is kept by artificial means within the room. The tube inserted at the dressing of the wound now goes in for a distance of but ten inches, some two and a half inches at the bottom being closed and supposed to be healed. The wound is sometimes sensitive to the tube, and the dressing painful. The discharge of pus from the wound has again assumed a good character, and the granulations are the proper color. The president has not gained much the last two or three days, but the tendency is upward and HE IS NOT FAILING.

The public has been deceived as to the president's condition at the time he was wounded. At the time he was shot his physical condition was bad. He was like a grassed horse. He had been suffering from dyspepsia, hemorrhoids and had borne an operation for fistula on the lower bowels. This, with the great mental strain and the anxiety on account of his wife's illness had run him down so that his physical condition was very unfavorable to meet the shock and subsequent treatment for a gun shot wound. His loss of flesh has been over stated and cannot be more than forty pounds. The microscopic examinations of the blood show that it is in normal condition and shows no signs of pyemia. There is no doubt that the president has no pyemia, because so many of the symptoms of that disease are wanting, such as discoloration of the eye, the taint of breath, etc. The physicians all agree that he has no pyemia. Dr. Woodward examines the blood and pus, and also writes the bulletins, but they all agree to the wording of the bulletins before they are issued. The wound is expected to heal up soon, and to do so independent of the ball, now that it has been pushed out into the pelvic cavity. The reason why we were mistaken some weeks ago when we announced that the wound was healing to within four inches of the opening, when it afterward reopened by sloughing, was because we really could not tell anything about it except that it was closed and that we thought that it was healing.

IT WAS NOT CLEARLY UNDERSTOOD just what was the nature of the action of the wound in this particular. The president's strength had kept up well. He could move his limbs and raise his head. At the dressing of the wound, each one has had his part. The president seemed most annoyed by the taking of the temperature, by the bulb placed under the arm. This was done by Dr. Woodward, who has to meet the grumbling of the patient more than the others on this account. The dressing ordinarily took but a few minutes, owing to the system under which we have worked. We have had a great deal of annoyance through too much advice from the anxious friends and family. Dr. Boynton has acted splendidly considering that he was a doctor, and so near a relative, and further, belonged to another school of medicine. The only trouble was that he told everything. There were many things in medical practice that could not be given to the public, and Boynton had talked too much; otherwise he had done better than could have been expected. The doctor said further, they expected the president would get well, although it was impossible to speak with certainty, because unlooked for complications might arise any moment. They regarded Agnew as the strongest surgeon. Hamilton had begun to fail a little, owing to age. Bliss

HAD FILLED A GREAT GAP that it would be hard to fill as well by any one else because not only of his skill but he was plucky and always hopeful. Barnes and Woodward are independent of public opinion, but Reburn and Bliss were anxious not to appear in a bad light in the eyes of the public after it was all over. Barnes had not been invited to enter the case by Bliss, but by order of the secretary of war. It had been divided that Bliss had been asked by the president himself to take the case. It was a fact that he had been. Nothing would be said as to how he had brought it about, but he had the record on his side. Mrs. Garfield was quite cross with them sometimes, Swain was dictatorial and Rockwell was for their having every new thing that came along. Capt. Henry was an easy, good soul who gave no trouble to anybody.

THE FOURTH INCISION.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—The day at the executive mansion has been extremely quiet and uneventful, the news from the sick room being very gratifying to all inquiries. Shortly after the midday bulletin was issued ripple of excitement became noticeable, owing to the rise of the patient's pulse to 116. The rise, the attending surgeons said, was due to a slight incision of the gland by Dr. Bliss this morning. They think that during the extremely enfeebled condition of the patient no importance can be attached to slight fluctuations of the pulse. The president continues to take his usual nourishment and during the day in addition to koumiss, milk porridge and beef tea, which he took freely and ate a piece of milk toast with a relish. The beef tea which he is now taking is prepared by Mrs. Garfield from raw beef.

CLEANSING THE CAVITIES.

The president complained some this afternoon of sensitiveness of the swollen side of his face. That the swelling is diminishing is evident. The incision made in the face was washed out with permanganate of potash. The connection between the two incisions, heretofore noted, is made by means of a probe under the skin. Of course a flow of permanganate of potash through it cleans the connected cavities.

Walter Bray, for thirty years a popular negro minstrel, is a hopeless ludiac in a Massachusetts asylum. His right name is Baker, and he is a son of the Gen. Baker who was killed at the battle of Ball's Bluff.

It is doubtless one of the economic functions of the clover plant to arrest and store up the nitrogen of the nitric acid in the soil, which would otherwise be drained away during the autumn and winter.

DEATH AND DESOLATION.

A Terrible Tornado Visits the South Atlantic Coast and Does Terrible Work in the Chief Cities of Georgia.

Macon Reports Thirty-five Persons Killed and Many Wounded Besides an Immense Amount of Property Destroyed.

The Number of Deaths by the Gale, in the Vicinity of Savannah Alone, Estimated at One Hundred.

The Hayden-Cochrane Murder Case—A Milwaukee German Kills His Mother and Father-in-Law.

Death in a Cyclone.

PORT ROYAL, S. C., Aug. 29.—The hurricane announced by the signal service department, passed here Saturday. At Beaufort the damage was considerable; forty lives lost, all colored. At Port Royal ferry it seems that on account of the storm the ferryman could not convey his passengers across the river. The passengers gathered in the ferry house, awaiting an abatement of the storm, when the house was carried away by the high tide. Seven bodies were recovered to-day. The number of drowned is uncertain, but rumors vary from twenty to forty. One washer and one dredge of the Coosaw Mining company in the Coosaw river were sunk; no lives lost. Considerable damage was done to the wharves and lighters of the company.

AUGUSTA, Aug. 29.—A terrific hurricane visited Savannah Saturday night. The velocity of the wind was about eighty miles an hour. Early in the evening the signal service office was unroofed and the instruments destroyed. A portion of the roof of the Morning News office was blown off and the building flooded. The city exchange was badly damaged.

The Gulf Storm.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—World's Macou, Ga., dispatch: A terrific tornado burst from the northeast on Savannah Saturday at dark. In a few minutes the city was in darkness, and parks, streets and squares were rendered impassable by falling trees and houses. Every wire leading out of the city was prostrated. Fully 100 dwelling houses, stores and warehouses lost their roofs, and many had their walls blown in. One house, containing six persons, was blown into the river and five people drowned. The total loss of life so far as reported, is thirty-five, and there are many more wounded. Ships in the river were broken from the moorings, and several were sunk and a large number damaged. The steamer City of Macon sailed for New York a few hours before the storm broke, and there is much anxiety for her safety. She had on board Wm. Wadley, the president of the Georgia Central railway. On Tybee's island, Savannah's Coney island, nearly every house was blown away. One house took fire after it fell, consuming Mrs. Georgia Wolfe and her little brother. In Savannah the depots, wharves, elevators and large buildings suffered great damage.

DEATHS ESTIMATED AT 100.

SAVANNAH, Aug. 30.—Every arrival continues to bring accounts of the disaster by the storm. The Juniata, from New York, which arrived to-day, broke down on the 28th. She brought the crew of the schooner Panuch, M. Solis, bound from Jacksonville to New York with lumber, which she took off on the 28th. Captain Solis was lost overboard. James G. Harris, mate of the schooner May G. Fisher, from Philadelphia for Wilmington, N. C., laden with coal, was picked up at sea on the 29th by the steamship Santiago and brought to this port. He was on a piece of the cabin of the schooner, naked and delirious, when picked up. The schooner foundered on the 24th off Frying shoals, and all hands were lost except Harris. It is estimated that over 100 lives were lost in this vicinity by the gale. Between twenty and thirty inquiries have already been held. Excepting two, all are negroes washed off from plantations.

The steamship Marabah is reported ashore on Sapelo. The pilot boat Belle picked up, sixteen miles southeast of Tybee, a raft with the captain and six men of the barge Brunswick, from Pascagoula for Boston, which foundered Saturday. Four men were lost from the raft.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Aug. 29.—About fifty private dwellings were more or less injured by the cyclone. The sheds on the new wharf of the Baltimore Steamship line are blown entirely down, several flour and rice mills are unroofed and the contents flooded. A large portion of the city was under water several hours. The Central railroad wharves were badly damaged. The public parks were shorn of their finest trees and other structures were injured. The destruction of shade trees was very great. The Georgia intruder was wrecked, and the patients barely escaped. A number were bruised by falling brick and plaster. The German brig Maria Lewis, Capt. Mink, had her stern badly blasted, her rudder unshipped and jib boom broken. Her sides were also injured. The pilot boat Maid of the Mist came in collision with a schooner and sunk. Several other tug boats were injured. The steamer City of Bridgeport had a hole punched in her side. A house swept down the river, and three of the occupants, Mr. Stokes and her two children, were drowned. Mr. Stokes barely escaped. Engineer Richard Fitzgerald of the H. B. Plant, was rowed.

THE LOSS OF LIFE

among the colored people occupying little huts on the rice plantations and along the river was very great. On Tybee island the house of Henry Solis was blown down and the ruins caught fire; three persons perished. The family of David Baevens, colored, comprising seven persons, were all drowned. A colored woman and four children were washed away in their house and drowned all the people on Shad island with several other persons are known to have perished. At Fort Pulaski the officers' quarters were flooded. The telegraph lines to Savannah are all down. It is apprehended, notwithstanding the warning of the approaching storm, that some vessels along the coast have suffered, and news of disasters have arrived during the week. The storm has been very severe and particularly dangerous to vessels from the fact that the wind shifted frequently and blew with equal severity from the northeast, northwest and west. At Beaufort the water house wharf was washed away and two sloops were washed ashore. The streets were filled with water. At Port Royal the bridge connecting the wharf with the cotton compress was washed away, and part of the railroad track destroyed. Ten negro hands of the Coosaw Mining company returning home Saturday night got in the ferry house at Port Royal ferry, ten miles from town, for protection. The house was washed away and the men drowned. Several pilot boats and a United States tug were washed ashore.

Looking After Payne.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—Secretary Kirkwood has notified all the Indian agents in the Indian Territory to keep constantly informed of the movements of Capt. Payne, the famous invader. The secretary says if Payne and his men enter the Territory he will have them ejected without ceremony.

REQUIEM.

From the Springfield Republican.

Thou hast lived in pain and woe,
Thou hast lived in grief and fear;
Now thine heart can dread no blow,
Now thine eyes can shed no tear;
Storms around us beat and rave;
Thou art sheltered in the grave.

Thou for long, long years hast borne,
Bleeding through life's wilderness,
Heavy loss and wounding scorn;
Now thine heart is burdenless;
Vainly rest for ours we crave;
Thine is quiet in the grave.

We must toil with pain and care,
We must front tremendous fate,
We must fight with dark despair;
Thou dost dwell in solemn state,
Couched triumphant, calm, and brave,
In the ever holy grave.

—James Thomson.

A DESPOT'S CRUELTY.

Siberian Horrors and the Transit Unfortunate to the Russian Country of the Wretched—
a Human Cattle Train—The Chain Gang on Foot—Horrors of the Prison Pen—Dainty Women Chained to Human Brutes—In the Mines.

The New York Herald gives another narrative from a nihilist now in this country, relating the horrors of the political prisoners' fate. In the course of the narrative he says:

"When the transportation is by rail the men and women are collected in the railway yards like beasts, and are driven into the cars, one car at a time, till each is full to repletion, when it is locked and barred. These cars are a sort of railway cattle wagon; the larger proportion of the convicts stand up in them as you see cattle stowed in cars on the arrival of stock trains. Around the interior of the cars three or four rough boards are nailed, on which a few of them can sit down. If the majority of prisoners are of a better class they arrange some system to relieve each other and the women from standing, but as all the vile criminal classes are heaped with these political offenders, the weakest go to the wall, and a fight and scramble is going on among the vilest of the coveted resting places. Even though we of the better class did all we could for the women, many were forced to stand till they dropped down from exhaustion on the floor of the uneasy, jolting, rattling cattle train, so inadequate was the seats. There were no arrangements for privacy in responding to the demands of nature, and as a result the refined men and women were driven to the most terrible suffering before they were compelled to sacrifice natural modesty to physical agony inflicted on them by imperial shamelessness. I have seen the women huddled in a circle in one corner, in the night, screening in turn by their dresses, some of their number, and the more refined men distracting the attention of coarse creatures present who would otherwise have uttered vile remarks on the awful scene. But you can imagine what was endured before such mortification was submitted to by these women, many of them noble and refined, very many of them in delicate health and suffering already from disease contracted in prison. There are regular stations at which we were supposed to stop for rest and food, but these stations were far between, and when the trains were delayed or it was desired to get along faster to make way for better paying freight coming along in the rear than was this suffering mass of humanity, relief stations were passed without a stop, halts occurring only at coaling and watering stations, and twenty-four and even thirty-six hours went by more than once before we were allowed to eat, drink or leave the cars.

"When we were on foot the sufferings we endured were simply indescribable. Imagine what you please, you cannot overdo it. Men, women, and I might say children—for some of the condemned were only young girls—were driven along remorselessly by the brutal military guard. Many of us carried chains, the unruly and sometimes the weak or sick ones being fastened to some more docile or stronger fellows, who were expected to prevent them from sulking and hanging back in the one case, or, in the other case, to drag the weak creature on when his or her strength gave out. I was myself chained in this way for 800 miles in an ugly brute, who dragged on my chain by day and often fought for the best place with me when we rested, from whom I was never free and who sickened me by near contact to his person and vermin stocked clothing. It was like being chained to a rotting corpse. It was more horrible than I can tell you. Again I was given charge of a woman whose strength was fast giving out and who was failing to keep up with the gang, which was floundering through the snow storm which had been threatening all day and had overtaken us between stations. I helped her up and almost carried her along, as painlessly as was possible, and did what I could to keep her from the blows and oaths of the soldiers. She did not go much further, poor thing, but went down in the snow at last and stayed there. We got callous, in a measure, after a while—suffering and agony were such ever-present sights that when we had been months on the road it began to be, even among the best of us, a sorry sight that would rouse our more than passing attention. I think we were demented apart of the way, we became so stupidly indifferent to much that went on. Chained to each other day and night, as many of us were, dragging along bitterly cold, snowy, iron links in our numb hands, beating our way along the snow fields, for the roads were sometimes no better, witnessing the agony of the sore bleeding creatures fastened to us, we came at last to look for his or her death as a blessing and a relief. No one but those condemned to that march can appreciate the force of what I say when I add that it is a wonder that some of those wretches did not fall to and murder each other often than they did. I don't say it occurred often, nor was it an open murder, but some terrible scenes were enacted in the depth of those Siberian nights at the stopping-places by the roadside. Not always was death the result of a fight between the convicts; only required a little roughness on the part of his fellow prisoner or one of our guard to extinguish before morning the life that had been gradually going out day by day.

"There are all over Russia so-called 'etaps,' or prison pens, where the gangs put up at night on the way to Siberia. Almost all these gangs concentrate at Kazan, and in the country about Kazan 'etaps' are particularly numerous and are from here on more revoltingly kept than on the early part of the journey. The etap is a large brick or wooden building surrounded with high

walls, and intended only as a sort of human cattle shed for use over night, and therefore it is provided with no comfort or even necessities. These etaps are scattered all over Russia, and are prominently seen in every landscape as are village schools and village steeples through your own New England states. And as in America the frequency of this feature is a badge of the education and civilization of the people, so the Russian etap is a distinguished badge of the ever present Russian system of oppressing the people. Externally they are often fine-looking buildings—interiorly they are the reverse. They are almost as death-dealing as was the famous Black Hole of Calcutta, and few prisoners could stand any long confinement there. The etap is under an officer of the army, and the keepers are usually unprincipled drunkards, soldiers serving their time for military offenses, etc. They are a set of cold-blooded scoundrels who persecute the prisoners, be they men or women, in every conceivable way. The gang being driven into the yard—which is little better than a hog-pen—the keepers quickly search the prisoners for any little article of food or money that compassionate peasants passing them on the road may have slipped into their hands. These are confiscated by the keepers for their own benefit, and then the prisoners are driven into the awful etap.

"This interior is simply a large room provided with narrow boards nailed against the wall one above another, with no floor but the earth, littered with straw in the center of one corner. The narrow boards are to sleep on; but the sore and bruised and often half-frozen prisoners are unable to climb more than to the first or second tier of bunks, and so the rest lie on the earth floor. The food given them is generally bread and water—never meat—and sometimes a weak soup made of buckwheat boiled in water. But how nutritious this diet is can be learned when it is remembered that the jailers are allowed only 3 cents a day for the support of prisoners, and from this sum they steal a heavy percentage. I have known this stealing, when it had gone to great lengths, to be made good by simply not feeding the prisoners that night, sending them on marked fed and watered to the next station, the proceeds of the steal being divided by the jailers. When the cold, unhappy crowd are at last left to themselves in the large room of the etap they usually lie down at once like tired cattle. They wait for icy shoes to thaw out, that the linen bandages may be removed from wet and raw blistered feet and numbed ankles may be chafed. But this must be quickly done or the feet will so swell that shoes cannot be replaced again. At last night comes on and all is dark in the prison room.

"The room is crowded to suffocation, for immense trains are emptied into these etaps, and presently the air of the room becomes so heavy and so sickening that it is unbearable. The rotten straw on the floor, vermin, full and foul from necessitated uncleanness of those who were here the night before, no privacy being allowed the prisoners, giving out a stench when the prisoners' clothes begin to drip the wet of melting snow. I have often seen poor, sick women, vomiting and retching continually during the night, made stomach sick from the suffocating odors of the place. I have seen them even in intensely cold nights madly smash the windows to let in the piercing wind rather than breathe longer the polluted air. Vermin are attacking the prisoners and contagious diseases are spreading during that awful night through uncleanness. The guards will not remain in the room, it is so foul, and often immortality in their absence is uncontrolled. In the darkness of the night you will hear screams from the women, followed by oaths and noise of scuffling and all that can be done to prevent these outrages is for the better class of men, when there are enough of them, to get the women in one corner and stand as a wall during the night between them and the men who would attack them. But this cannot always be done, as many of the men are chained to gangs of the worst criminals—the very fellows from whom these women are to be defended. It is undoubtedly true—I know it to be true—that young girls sent from the best families to Siberian exile for the political offenses of their family have fallen victims to these fiends from the gangs or from the jail keeper's quarters, in the nights passed in the vile etaps, even though heroic efforts were made by fellow prisoners to save them.

"And so they travel on from day to day, unless heaven is merciful and lets them fall dead by the wayside ditch, or falling sick near some city on the road, they are transferred to a badly managed hospital, where their troubles are soon ended in a restful sleep, and imperia Russia's power over them is summarily ended by the grateful coming of a thrice-welcomed death. The gang continues its long-suffering march its numbers gradually depleted, and the wretched band of survivors at last reaches the mines.

"Here they are soon put to hard labor, working from break of day till nightfall, burrowing in the mines, breaking ore by hand for the great smelting works, digging ditches, building roads and laboring year after year hopelessly, aimlessly, in the development of the natural riches in this country of the wretched—receiving no letters or word from home unless officials choose to communicate the news—shut out absolutely from all mankind except their wretched companions in exile, spied, watched, suspected, cruelly punished, they long for death or deliverance that seems eternally deferred. The more refined and delicate prisoners are given the meanest and most exhaustive and disagreeable work to do, and are continually humiliated almost beyond human endurance, and, like all others, are whipped to their work like beasts of burden. Those in the mines are never allowed to come to the surface to see the upper world except once a year, on the emperor's birthday, as a celebration of that glorious event. What a cruel privilege—to celebrate the birthday of a man whom they curse horribly and hourly before heaven as the imperial cause of all their accumulated agonies!

"If nature survives all these trials and man serves his term (if not condemned, as in the majority of cases, for life) he is forbidden to go home to his people, but is given the choice of remote provinces where he may go and pass the remainder of his days. Home! After all these years of waiting for home he is forbidden to return! And so, broken in health and depressed in spirit, the poor wretch goes to some remote village to live alone and work among strangers for his support. No wonder that he plots and plans how to escape, and if he can elude his Siberian guards takes to the woods, and even flies to China to escape

from Russia. But hunger and cold may compel him to show himself in the villages, and if arrested he is returned to his jailers to serve twice the original term, if he is not condemned to death by shooting or strangulation. No wonder that he and his family and all Russia, in fact, are aroused to look upon the czar as their implacable enemy, and that nihilism is extending like wildfire through the land, as the people are determined to correct by any and every means in their power, the cruelties of imperialism."

A CORN DODGER.

There was a young girl from Bordeaux,
With curls on her little pink tress,
They gave her such pain
The tears ran like rain
Down the bridge of her delicate nose.

Her lover—a youth from Cologne—
Fled wildly and left her alone,
When he found that her feet
With corns were replete
With never a word he had flogne.

They sent for a doctor from Lynn,
As shining and neat as a pin,
He looked at her tress,
The source of her weal,
And indulged in a gratified grin.

He prescribed for this maid from Bordeaux
And cured all her little pink tress;
And now it is said
They too will be waid,
And from sorrow and grief find repeaux.

The sweet-scented youth from Cologne,
Who left her severely alone,
When he first heard the news
His mind he did lews,
And fitted from life with a grogne.

—E. S. Bartlett.

THE BARBER'S DAUGHTER.

Translated From the French.

In the latter part of October, 1415, there arrived at the "Three Kings" Hostelry, in the Rue d'Eufer, at Paris, two young Spanish noblemen, Julio and Andrea de Pontarbo. Andrea, the elder, was a hard student and carried in his countenance traces of mental labor, while Julio, who was twenty years of age, was gay and careless in his demeanor and was in his disposition the exact opposite of his brother. These two, who had a sincere affection for each other, had come to Paris—the elder to study the habits and customs of the people and the younger with no other motive than to see new places and men. The landlord, Master Chapolard, welcomed the strangers with all the warmth inspired by a well-filled purse and exalted station and installed them in his best rooms.

The day following Julio inquired of Chapolard the whereabouts of a barber and was referred to the shop of one Barnaby Cabard, reputed to be the best in the city. Cabard had a daughter, renowned for her beauty, and this fact it was said contributed in no small degree to the barber's success in business. Nevertheless, to do him credit, there was no one that could curl a moustache more gracefully than Cabard, and the most rebellious chin yielded to the skill of his razor.

Adjoining his shop was the establishment of Peter Miquelon, a pastry cook whose success in life was equal to that of Cabard. His pies were excellent and met a ready sale in all parts of Paris, for none of his rivals were ever able to discover the secret in cookery that made them surpass in flavor all others. The barber and cook were growing rich together and were fast friends.

It was to Cabard's place, then, that Julio betook himself, and while there saw the barber's daughter. Her candor, innocence and beauty inspired the Spaniard with an ardent love, which she apparently returned, so that, carried away by his passion, he continued frequently to visit the barber's house in order to see her.

In the meantime malicious rumors had been circulating concerning the girl. Her beauty, it was said, had brought misfortune to her many lovers, all of whom, after visiting her for a short time, had suddenly disappeared, leaving no trace behind them. Despair, some said, had crazed them, while others averred that Satan, with whom the girl had a compact, had carried away her lovers one by one as they were about to win her heart.

One evening, while the two brothers were seated at table, Chapolard, who looked upon the young nobleman with veneration, spoke of the tales which circulated concerning Julio's passion for the barber's daughter.

"Sir stranger," said he, "misfortune has overtaken you! The maiden whom you seek is accursed, and believe me, if you love your brother, if you wish that we shall not have to deplore your loss, give up, I implore you, this foolish love and cease to visit her whose first kiss causes death."

Although he said this with the sincerity of a friend and the emotion of a credulous man, these warnings necessarily produced the opposite effect from what was intended by the worthy landlord and caused the young man to redouble his attentions to the object of his love.

Directly opposite the shops of Cabard and Miquelon there lived a locksmith named Gomire, who, although of good capabilities, was neglected in business by his neighbors on account of the poverty and wretchedness in which he managed to support himself and his eight children. On the evening of which we speak, while he sat in his shop bemoaning his fate and envying the condition of his more fortunate opposite neighbors, he saw Julio who had just left his brother at the inn, dart eagerly into the barber's house. The young gentleman was richly dressed and bore every mark of wealth and rank upon him. This sight caused the locksmith a pang as he contrasted Julio's position in life with his own inability to provide bread for his children. Yet, he said to himself, as an idea occurred to him, Julio is doubtless benevolent, as he is young and rich. I will wait till he leaves the barber's house and follow him a short distance from this quarter, where I will beg his sympathy and assistance. With this resolve the poor man waited in vain for Julio's appearance, and nine hours had passed before he relinquished in tears his fruitless task. Daylight was dawning and he was about to awaken his starving children when Chapolard hastily entered the place with the morning salutation on his lips, stopping short, however, with astonishment at the locksmith's haggard countenance. His charitable heart was moved at the other's tale of distress and he willingly lent Gomire sufficient money to aid him in his necessities. The young Lord Andrea has need of your services to have opened his box of valuables, the key of which his brother has taken with him."

With these words the two started for the inn, where they found Andrea in a high state of excitement.

"Can any one comprehend the actions of my brother?" said he. "It has been nine hours since he left the inn, and although we well knew that I had need this morning to use some valuable papers in this box he has sent me no word nor has he returned the key."

"Your pardon, my lord," said Gomire, "but I saw last evening the Lord Julio, your brother, enter the house of the barber Cabard, and I have not seen him come out, although I waited for him the entire night, in order to beg assistance from him."

"Ah!" said the landlord, "I predicted well. Satan has seized this rash youth in the same way that he has carried off one by one the former lovers of this young witch."

"Satan, indeed," murmured Gomire—a fearful suspicion crossing his mind as he recalled to mind the mysterious groans and sounds he had at times heard issuing from the vaults of his neighbors' houses, "Satan, indeed! It is not the devil that has disposed of these unfortunates, but it is surely one of his most active servants, I have seen many young men, handsome and rich, enter the barber's house and have seen but few return. Barnaby Cabard has become suddenly rich within the last two years and no one knows the source of his wealth. The house of the barber is certainly the house of an assassin!"

At these words Andrea understood all, his eyes lighted up with fire, and with fury in his tone he bid Chapolard and Gomire to follow him to the department of police, whither they hastened together. The provost soon knew the whole story, and a few minutes afterwards Cabard's house was surrounded by the police and the whole neighborhood was thrown into a ferment at the unusual visit.

A loud knock summoned Cabard to the street door, where he was met by the provost, who, twirling his moustache, requested information as to the whereabouts of the young Spanish gentleman who had visited the house the evening before.

"Monsieur," replied the barber, who betrayed himself with a sudden pallor which overspread his countenance, "I do not know. I have not seen him."

"Very well, then," returned the provost, "we will look for him," and turning to his men he bid some of them secure the prisoner, and commanding the others to follow him into the house, where a search was begun.

Suddenly one of the officers gave a startled exclamation, and hastening to the spot the provost saw in the floor of the shop a trap-door, the existence was evident, as it had not been securely fastened. He gave it a slight push with his foot and it descended quickly out of sight.

"Ah, Mr. Cabard," exclaimed he, "the mystery is explained. Instead of shaving the chins of your customers you first cut their throats and rob them and then send their bodies quietly to the cellar by means of this machine."

With these words he went with his officers to the cellar, where a frightful spectacle awaited them. Eight or ten bodies hung suspended from hooks along the walls and the last was the corpse of Julio, the unfortunate Spaniard. The provost remarked with horror that these bodies had been treated in the same manner as butchers use quarters of beef, and when the additional discovery was made that this cellar communicated with that of the pastry cook, Miquelon, the awful truth flashed across the minds of all that it was by this means the latter obtained the meat that gave to his pies the fine flavor of which we have spoken!

Barnaby Cabard and Peter Miquelon were immediately thrown into prison and were soon after tried and convicted of murder—Miquelon as an accessory before and after the fact. They were condemned to be broken on the wheel and the sentence was soon executed. It was shown at the trial that during five years' continuance of this abominable partnership one hundred and forty-three persons had succumbed to the barber's murderous razor.

As for Cabard's daughter the court was convinced that she was innocent of any crime, and that her father had only used her as a bait to attract customers, sending her away, however, whenever he wished to commit an assassination. She was set at liberty and retired, it is said, to a convent, where she passed the rest of her days. The life granted to the unfortunate girl was could scarcely have been less unhappy in its disgrace than the death of her father had been to him.

The bereaved Andrea out of the ingratitude for the service rendered to him, gave Gomire a sum of money sufficient to establish him in business, and the locksmith, adding to this advantage his natural talent and skill, soon rose to a foremost position and founded a business house which has existed in Paris to this day.

THE DEMAND FOR THE ANTIQUE.

A Dealer's Frank Talk About the Ricketty and Ancient in Furniture.

From the New York Sun.

"We do considerable trade in June and July," said a dealer. "People often come in from the watering-places to get the first chance at any good things we have discovered at the May auctions. It takes us some time to patch them up to suit the market. Yes, there is always a certain demand for these worn-eaten but pathetic relics of the infancy of the republic. We sell to many nice people, who have a taste for the ancient and honorable in furniture, and then we have another class who buy freely and pay high prices. I refer to the newly rich. During the past ten years many of them have taken a kind of dislike to the word 'shoddy'; they have found out what it means, you see. As a consequence there arises a regard for the 'old antique,' as they call it, which increases our sales and raises our profits on everything classical and ricketty in the way of furniture and decorations. Folks that cannot show a long line of ancestors make up for it by good collections of not strictly reliable tables and chairs."

"Is it in men or women that this mania predominates?"

"Women. Men get the fever second-hand, like from their wives. We have to be wide awake in selling, for we can't make sales without asking high prices. Some months ago a hostler came in with an old rag of a rug to sell. It was large, but an ugly, queer, faded-looking thing, evidently a worn-out imitation of those Persian or Turkish mats, which look as if they had been dragged through some retail paint shop. I gave the man a dollar for the article, and my porter gave it a half hour's

experience with a glue. Then I cut a long breadth out of the threadbare center, squared up the ends, and put a carpet sewer to stitching the pieces together, adding, of course, a heavy black fringe. Within a week two ladies called, and being of the new artistic school, they, of course, picked out that mat—the ugliest thing in the shop.

"How tender in color," said one, and she about hit it. It was tender in other respects, too, if she had only known the fact. "A precious relic, indeed," said the other. "Is it Moslem, sir? 'Pure Moslem, ma'am,' said I; 'all wool—comes from the Adams family.' What is the price?" she asked. Now I am an old dealer, but I hesitated for fear I shouldn't ask enough to impress her. She took my confusion for a reluctance to sell, and from that moment her mind was made up. She took a careless turn around the room, and by that time my mind was made up, too. No, no, I wouldn't be willing to state the figure we settled on. It was private rates."

"Do you sell many of these old things?" "The sales are not so very large, but the profits are quite fair, quite fair. Antique furniture is our main hold; it sells right along. It is hard to keep up a really good stock. Here is a fine old set—all mahogany. I had to pick that up piece by piece, and some of it was pretty well smashed up. You see, it is finished in a peculiar style; all the table and chair legs are mounted on a lion's claw holding a brass ball—hand-iron to match. It is very rare and valuable—worth \$1,600. Some call them Hancock's."

"After the general, of course—so solid and heavy?"

"Oh, bless you, no. After old John Hancock, governor of Massachusetts, and signer of the Declaration of Independence. There have been at least a thousand sets of that respectable old gentleman's furniture sold here and in Boston. Mine is the only original set, and this is why I have taken the liberty to carve a rudimentary H on the back of the roomiest arm chair. Every perfect set contains the old patriot's favorite chair. We always put a handsome silk band across the arms because we wish to retain for the purchaser the sole right to sit in it. This fine old piece is the chair known to have been used by Gen. Howe during his somewhat precarious residence in Boston at the revolutionary period. I have two letters strictly authenticating it. I regret to say, however, that from the number of Howe chairs in the market, that officer must have spent most of his time in moving from one chair to another, and done considerable more sitting down than fighting. This one is genuine."

"Certain lines of revolutionary articles are always good; people are only too anxious to believe in them. Washingtons, however, are difficult to sell. The public must draw the line somewhere, and its generally at Washingtons and Jeffersons. A dealer spoiled the market for Washingtons. You see he sold a secretary with a contemporary certificate, and some fool held it up to the light and found the water mark to be 1850. Such manifest rascality injures business; it wound up the Washingtons, and I had to mark down a Martha Washington bedstead to an Aaron Burr. I did sell Jefferson hat stand three years ago, but it stretches an honest dealer's reputation to make many very ancient sales. Mayflowers I cannot conscientiously handle; no amount of swearing will make them go. De Witt Clintons and Hamiltons are all sent to Boston just now, and they sent us B. Franklins and Adamsses, all having ancient certificates and Boston postmark—in short the most reliable evidence. Some of the letters, you will observe, are pasted under the seat. Here is one from Philadelphia—a chair which belonged to the honored Penn. See its strength and capacity—evidently made to order. Nor here is the original stool which Nathan Hale sat on just before his ex—"

"I see. Have you any sale for foreign goods?"

"Yes, but it doesn't do to keep more than three or four distinguished foreign articles in sight at a time. There's some furniture our public cannot swallow easily. As a rule, though, it is safe for a dealer to act up to the principle that his goods are as likely to be authentic as not. If he doesn't know to the contrary it is fair to affirm that his articles are what they look to be. Very many buyers, though, don't care for relics; they want respectable old furniture that looks as if it belonged to a wealthy old great-grandmother. Here and there you've got to remark that an article was found in—well, almost in Julius Caesar's garret. I had to sell a Marie Stuart sofa the other day. I had it laid out for a Hannah More, but had to mark it up to suit."

"The sources of supply—that is for genuine goods—is getting weaker and weaker. Grandfathers' clocks, for instance, of good style and fair order, are scarce. I sold my last one for \$325. The customer told us plain out that he wanted something that showed 'ancestry,' and we let him have it. The New England states have been traveled through and through for them. Once in a while one turns up. The old carved book cases and chests of drawers, mounted in genuine old-time brass, can be had now and then. Carved oak mantles and chimney pieces, tiles, tapestries, &c., are good when you can get hold of them. One trouble is growing greater every year. We cannot get anything like full sets. Sometimes we have to wait a year or more before we can decently complete a room. Such collections bring very high prices. I know of one that fetched \$2,200. As for most of the ancient bric-a-brac, it should be regarded with suspicion. Revolutionary tapestries were once a lending article on account of the firing of the tea overboard. But I regret to say that the demand was broken up by an unprincipled dealer whose fraudulent methods knocked the life out of what was once a very valuable article."

"Yes, personal relics are to be had. Genuine ones are rare. There are dealers, though, who sell you anything you want, from a Gen. Putnam sword to the bull's eye repeater of a delegate to the first congress. These last articles are to the trade as 'orphans.'"

"Oh, don't speak to me about manufactures of our goods. It is most awful to think of. Yes, sir; I know two factories where it's done. It's an insult to liberty."

The celebrated Sprague divorce case will be tried at Providence, R. I., early in September. The judge before whom the case will come gave the counsel notice that, if any evidence of an indecent nature was to be presented, he should hear it in private, to prevent the foul details from being sent abroad over the land to corrupt the morals of the young. That judge deserves the thanks of the reading community, and all the friends of good morals.

BY LOUMSBERRY & JEWELL.

THE DAILY TRIBUNE.
Published every morning, except Monday, at Bismarck, Dakota. Is delivered by carrier to all parts of the city at twenty-five cents per week, or \$1 per month.
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THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE.
Eight pages, containing a summary of the news of the week, both foreign and local, published every Friday, sent, postage paid, to any address for \$2.50

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THE ten thousand real estate deal for the Strauss corner was closed yesterday by the payment of the cash, and Minister Anderson now owns the best corner in the city of Bismarck. He has determined to build a three story brick block just as soon as a decent regard for the interests of his tenants will permit him to do so, possibly, not until spring, however.

It is not best to go wild over the reported gold discovery near Glendive. Montana is a gold country and gold is liable to be discovered almost any place, particularly where the gold bearing rocks abound, but the TRIBUNE would like a sample of the rock or gravel in which the gold in this particular case is found before getting excited. If there is anything in the world we would like to see however, it is a cause for a stampede to the gold regions.

THE war department will find that a mistake has been made in ordering the removal of Sitting Bull to Fort Randall. It was only necessary to strengthen the garrisons at Fort Yates and Fort A. Lincoln making a display of force, to keep these Indians in subjection. To divide them and send off a portion as prisoners of war will create uneasiness and probably lead to trouble. If it was intended to punish them it would be different, but it is only intended to dally along with them and in the end send them back to their tribe or at least place them on a separate reservation.

THE President is improving rapidly, and there is again substantial ground to hope for his recovery. Few men have been so near the gates of death as he and recovered. He is a brave man, however, and stands a chance to live where thousands would die. A soldier badly wounded was informed that he had but one chance in a hundred to live. "I'll take that chance," said he, and did and got well. So Garfield took the only chance and is likely to get well. Since he is not out of danger, however, it is to be hoped that all good men will continue to pray for his recovery, for there is a power in prayer that is simply wonderful.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL JAMES is trying to overcome to some extent the old difficulty of the fraudulent washing and re-use of postage stamps. The loss to the government has been estimated by experts as high as two millions annually, and it is in any case very large. Mr. James enjoins upon all postmasters to exercise renewed and unusual care in cancelling stamps, and directs them to report to him all instances of letters being received at their respective offices for delivery with the stamp uncanceled, or imperfectly canceled. Letters having on stamps presenting the appearance of having been used are also to be sent to the dead letter office.

A COMPANY of troops has been sent from Fort Snelling to assist in quelling the disturbance among the Indians in Northern Wisconsin. Agent Stephen and his daughter are held as prisoners at the agency and the Menominees have been driven from their reservation. Unless the government stations more troops at Forts Lincoln and Yates trouble may be expected in this vicinity. By reference to our special dispatches this morning it will be seen that already the Indians at Standing Rock have defied the military authorities and yesterday forcibly removed from Sitting Bull's camp certain prisoners of war.

STEPS ought to be taken this fall toward organizing some scheme for water works, either the reservoir or the Holly system. Some advocate artesian wells, but they are unsatisfactory and uncertain. A supply of water could no doubt be secured in that manner but there would be no power gained for fire protection. The reservoir system would doubtless prove the most economical, as the heights back of the city will afford all the power that is needed. Temporary breaks in the engine would not affect that power. It

would be always ready. Bismarck is certainly one of the great cities of the future, and there is nothing that would so much add to its importance as a well organized water system. Waterworks would make it possible to alleviate or do away with the dust nuisance; would help grow trees and make the attempts to grow lawns successful. Something ought to be done. Something, it would seem, can be done.

JUST now E. D. Barker, of the Trail County Banner, is endeavoring to smirch Dr. Hall, of the Fargo Republican, whose only offense consisted in his refusing to buy certain heavily mortgaged property which he did not want on the terms offered by Barker. The mortgage was foreclosed and afterward the property passed into the Doctor's hands and now Mr. Barker is endeavoring to gain satisfaction by abusing Dr. Hall in the vilest language at his command. Those who have known Mr. Barker for some years will remember his troubles at Vermillion and Yankton, all brought upon himself by sneaking and dishonesty. Then, however, there was a little sympathy felt for him on his family's account in the hearts of a few who thought possibly he had been ill treated, and they secured for him the position of Deputy Collector of the Internal Revenue for North Dakota, the position now occupied by Frank P. Brown of this city, under G. G. Bennett, of Elk Point, then collector. On one of his trips to Bismarck, Mr. Barker collected revenues amounting to \$1,400, for which he failed to account. When called upon for returns about three weeks afterward he claimed to have been robbed at Bismarck while attending a dog fight which attracted his attention. The deficiency in his accounts was made good by Mr. Bennett, Judge Brookings and Mr. Kingsbury, of the Press and Dakotian. He was not prosecuted because of the relationship of one of the bondsmen to the Judge who did not want it said that the Judge was interested in the prosecution. He guarded his treasure very carefully and only brought it out gradually in the development of his Fargo farm which became one of the best in the Red River country.

Mr. Barker had always been a Republican and was appointed to office as such, but during the Hancock campaign he conceived the idea of running a Democratic paper in order to enable him to bleed Democratic candidates, so he gave his farm, worth about \$4,000, for the Fargo Times giving a mortgage back on the Times for about \$5,000. But he was known too well to succeed. The candidates did not come down and in a few short weeks the Times suspended, although when he took it it was the best newspaper property in Dakota. During the time he owned it, however, he changed it from Republican to Democratic and from Democratic to Independent, and now abuses Dr. Hall because he purchased the material which reverted to Mr. Chambers, under the mortgage he gave. He has no standing in social life and seems to despise himself. In the newspaper business he uses his paper, (it would be a libel on the fraternity to call it a newspaper) as the highwayman uses his revolver in attacking those he hopes to rob, or as the skunk uses its "sweat bag" on those who offend it.

WALTER MANN, Prest. G. H. FAIRCHILD, Cash'r, St. Paul, Minn. Bismarck, D. T.

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SALE OF LAND FOR DELINQUENT TAXES.

OFFICE COUNTY TREASURER, BURLINGHAM COUNTY, D. T., Sept. 2, 1881.
WHEREAS, The taxes for the year A. D. 1880 have become and now are delinquent and unpaid upon the following described real estate, situated in the county of Burleigh, and territory of Dakota, Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the statute in such case made and provided, I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the county treasurer's office, in the city of Bismarck and county of Burleigh, on the first Monday of October, A. D. 1881, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, the follow-

ing described real estate, situated in the county of Burleigh and territory of Dakota, in order to satisfy the amount of delinquent tax aforesaid on each piece or parcel of land, together with interest, penalty and costs. The total amount due on each particular description is mentioned herewith.					
Name.	Descr'p'n.	W. B. BELL, Sec.	T. R. Am't	Treasurer.	
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MANDAN.

Local Items.

Mr. F. D. Hager returned yesterday from St. Paul to look after his interests here.

The large number of trains that have been leaving here for the west have taken most of the cars from the railroad yards.

Walter Draper has gone east as far as New York to select his fall stock of hardware. Whether he will return alone it is not known.

The Billy Arlington minstrels will play at the Mandan Opera House Saturday evening, and will undoubtedly draw a large audience.

A representative of the Fargo Argus has been in town several days. He thinks Mandan the coming place and expects to make investments here before his return.

The Glendive gold report does not seem to create much of a fever among Mandan men. They are satisfied with the chances to make money at home, but plenty of men have traveled farther than from here to Glendive for gold not finding it when they reached there.

Mr. H. J. Benton, one of the large wholesale clothing merchants of St. Paul and connected with the wholesale and manufacturing business in Boston, is in town, and looking over the country adjoining. Mr. Benton has property here that he is improving, and is much pleased with the outlook.

Quite a number of bids have been received for the school bonds from different points. They were opened at the meeting last evening, but too late to record the result in this issue. The increase in population up to the present time is proof that it will not be long before a large addition must be added to a school house built at so small a cost or another one built, but Mandan can furnish schools and all other good things when needed.

Shall There Be More Houses?

The necessity for more houses is more apparent every day and as soon as one is vacant a dozen applicants apply for it. With all the improvements that are made in town, this is the most neglected. Those who have been here and had time to select their lots and build, are well provided and those who will desire first class hotel accommodations can in a short time find them, but for people who come every day and want a house there is no provision. Nothing offers a better return in the way of permanent investment than houses that will rent at from \$10 to \$25 a month, houses and lots costing only \$800 when completed will rent for \$20 a month. Those who have money to invest should look into this matter and those who have the growth and improvement of Mandan at heart should put up houses and provide for those who come.

Woodcock on Toast.

It would never do to mention this item to Mr. Weber, the efficient chief clerk at the Sheridan House. He does not wish anything said about it hence the reader is cautioned in advance not to mention it. It happened thusly. Yesterday morning Mr. Weber went to breakfast but did not notice the words "woodcock on toast" written across the printed bill of fare. Not so with manager Van Bergen of the telegraph office. If there is anything good in the country Van is always sure to know it, and, of course, he smiled sweetly at Bessie when he ordered a well browned half of the epicurean bird. As Bessie temptingly placed it before him, Johnson, the jovial ticket jerker, fastened his eye on it and duplicated the order. About this time Weber had seated himself, and discovering the "special dish," as he supposed, began to be profuse in his compliments and wished to know the kind hunter who had bestowed so rare a favor upon his friends. Van assured him that it was a present from a very particular friend, and told Bessie that she might instruct the cook, as a special favor, to send in the remaining bird to Mr. Weber. This kind heartedness on the part of the manipulator of the electric fluid Mr. Weber highly appreciated, and after enjoying the rare morsel, which he pronounced exceedingly delicious, he insisted on introducing the boys to a newly opened box of cigars. The wicked fellows just filled their pockets and went outside and laughed until their sides ached to think that for once they were ahead of the house. Van afterward repented, and was very sorry for the deception that he had practiced. He is an innocent young man, and positively asserts that it was Johnson who led him astray and aided him in the naughty scheme. The cigars were of the very best, however, and Weber did not know how he had been victimized until they had all been smoked up.

An Illegible Hand.

The Sunday Budget is responsible for this story: "Matthew Hale Smith was writing letters to the Journal over the signature of 'Burleigh.' Smith wrote a de-

testable hand, and Charles G. Rogers, who was then making the Journal jump with his activity, enterprise and liberality, was very nearly his match in this particular. One day a compositor came down to Mr. Rogers with some of 'Burleigh's' copy, saying that if he had got to set that kind of stuff they'd have to pay him by the hour, because he couldn't make his salt setting it by the thousand. Rogers immediately wrote 'Burleigh' a note, telling him that if he couldn't write so that his letters could be read, he had better either quit writing, or get some body to do his writing for him. In a day or two there arrived an envelope with Rogers' signature cut out and pasted upon it and 'Care of Boston Journal' written beneath. Upon being opened it read as follows: Dear Sir—I have received a letter, which, from the printed heading, I assume to be from the Journal office. If you will get somebody that can write a legible hand to inform me whom it is from, and what it is about, I shall esteem it a favor. Yours truly, Matthew Smith.' The next time Mr. Smith came to Boston he was handsomely entertained at Young's and Charlie Rogers paid the bill."

Spotted Tail Vindicated.

O. M. Carter, writing from Rosebud agency, under date of the 18th inst., to the Yankton Press and Dakotian, says: "The account of Spotted Tail's perfidy published by you on the 13th inst. is a tissue of falsehoods, and must have been given you by an enemy of Spotted Tail, or your informant was not correctly interpreted. Spotted Tail here is not credited with 'one hundred or one hundred and fifty elopements,' nor with any other number. He has occasionally bought an additional wife in accordance with the usual custom of his tribe, until at his death he had five wives, one having previously died, making six in all. His reputation at home among his own people for chastity, was as good as anyone in the tribe, and, right here let us say, the Indians are not the libertines they are usually supposed to be. The intercourse between the sexes at this agency will put to shame any white community of 8,000 people you can find in the United States or in any other country. Thigh has been at Fort Niobrara for months in the employment of the government as a scout, and his wife has been there with him all the time, so the story about Thigh's wife is wholly and purely fictitious."

The Secret of Advertising.

Some merchants use but very little judgment about advertising. So long as they have an "ad" in some paper, paying for it, they think it is sufficient, and trust to luck for the consequences. They shut their eyes and discharge their guns in the air, and wait for the game to drop. They aim for duck and get crow. Advertising requires as much good judgment as any other part of a merchant's business. Judicious advertising always pays. There are some business men who seldom advertise, and they are always complaining about their trade. They treat advertising as the improvident, shiftless fellows do roofs. When the sun shines they do not need patching; and when it rains they cannot patch them. When trade is fair they see no need of advertising; and when trade is dull they say they cannot afford to advertise. Moral: Repair a leaky roof when it is fair weather, and advertise in all seasons. Advertising pays all parties interested better than any other commercial investment.

A Busy Man.

Herr Krupp, the great German gun-maker, is so much pressed with orders that he has engaged 8,000 more workmen, making the total force of workmen 13,000 men.

Proposals for School Bonds.

Notice is hereby given that proposals will be received at Mandan, Morton county, Dakota territory, until the first day of September, A. D. 1881, for the sale of three thousand dollars in bonds of one hundred dollars each, of school district number one of Morton county, Dakota territory, being the district in which Mandan is located. These bonds are issued by virtue of a majority vote of the electors of the school district, pursuant to an act of the Dakota legislature, approved February 5, A. D. 1881, granting power and authority so to do, for the purpose of erecting a school house in said district; said bonds are payable five years after the date of issue, and draw interest at the rate of eight per cent. per annum until paid; interest payable annually. And principal and interest payable at the Security Bank of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Proposals should be addressed to B. L. Winston, treasurer school district number one, Morton county, Dakota territory, and should be marked Proposals for School Bonds.

I. O. SLOAN,
Clerk of school district No. 1, Mandan, Morton county, Dakota territory. 99-111

PILES ANAKESIS

DR. S. SILSBERG'S EXTERNAL PILE REMEDY
Gives Instant Relief, and is an infallible
CURE FOR ALL KINDS OF PILES.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Price, \$1.00 per box, prepaid, by mail. Samples sent free to Physicians and all sufferers, by Neustaedter & Co., Box 3946, New York City. Sole manufacturers of ANAKESIS 5071

\$25 TO \$50 PER DAY!

can easily be made by using the celebrated
**Victor Well Auger and
Rock Boring machinery.**
in any part of the country.

We mean it, and are prepared to demonstrate the fact. They are operated by either man, horse or steam power, and bore very rapid. They range in size from three inch to four and one-half feet in diameter, and will bore to any required depth. They will bore successfully and satisfactorily in all kinds of earth, soft sand and limestone, bituminous stone coal, slate, hard pan gravel, lava, builders' serpentine and conglomerate rock, and guaranteed to make the very best of wells in quick sand. They are light running, simple in construction, easily operated, durable, and acknowledged as the best and most practical machine extant. They are endorsed by some of the highest state officials. We contract for prospecting for coal, gold, silver, coal oil and all kinds of minerals; also for sinking artesian wells and coal shafts. We also furnish engines, boilers, wind mills, hydraulic rams, horse poweas, brick machines, mining tools, portable forges, rock drills and machinery of all kinds.

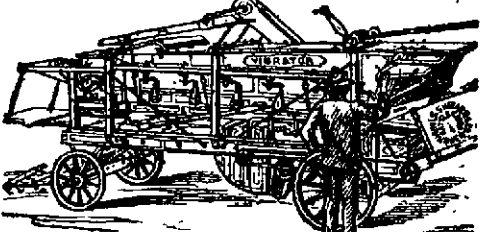
Good active agents wanted in every country in the world. Address
Western Machinery Supply Depot,
511 Walnut street, St. Louis, U. S. A.
State in what paper you saw this. 13-1y.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO

Battle Creek, Michigan,
MANUFACTURERS OF THE ONLY GENUINE
VIBRATOR

THRESHERS,
Traction and Plain Engines
and Horse-Powers.

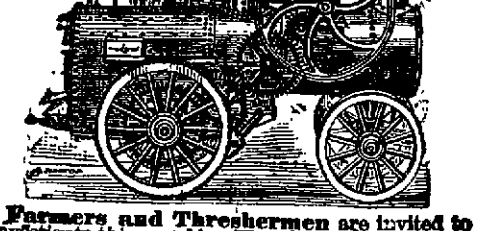
Most Complete Threshing Factory Established
in the World. 1848
32 years of continuous and successful business, without change of name, management, or location, is "back up" the broad warranty given on all our goods.



STEAM-POWER SEPARATORS and
Complete Steam Outfits of machines, threshing
Traction Engines and Plain Engines
over seen in the American market.
A multitude of special features and improvements
for 1881, together with superior qualities in construction
and materials not dreamed of by other makers.
Four sizes of Separators, from 6 to 15 horse
capacity, for steam or horse power.
Two styles of "Mounted" Horse-Powers.
7,500,000 Feet of Selected Lumber
(from three to six years air-dried)
constantly on hand, from which is built the incomparable wood-work of our machinery.

TRACTION ENGINES

Strongest, most durable, and efficient ever
made. 6, 10, 13 Horse Power.



Farmers and Threshermen are invited to
examine this matchless Threshing Machinery.
Circular sent free. Address
NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.
Battle Creek, Michigan.

THE CONTRAST!

While other Baking Powders are largely adulterated with ALUM and other hurtful drugs,

DR. PRICE'S CREAM'S BAKING POWDER



has been kept UNCHANGED in all of its original purity and wholesomeness. The best evidence of ITS SAFETY, HEALTHFULNESS, PURITY, and EFFECTIVENESS, is THE FACT of its being used in the homes of the rich and poor, where it has been used for the last 16 years.

A PURE FRUIT ACID BAKING POWDER.
NEVER SOLD IN BULK.

Made by
STEELE & PRICE,
Manufacturers of Lupulin Yeast Gems, Special
Flavoring Extracts, etc., Chicago and St. Louis.

40ms

Thousands have been cured of dumb ague, bilious disorders, jaundice, dyspepsia and all diseases of the liver, blood and stomach, when all other remedies have failed, by using Prof. Quilmette's French Liver Pad, which is a quick and certain cure for these disorders. Ask your druggist for the great remedy, and take no other, and if he does not keep it, send \$1.50 in a letter to the French Pad Co., Toledo, O., and receive one by mail, postpaid.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Feeble and Sickly Persons
Recover their vitality by pursuing a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the most popular, pleasant and alternative medicine in use. General debility, fever and ague, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and other maladies are completely removed by it. Ask those who have used it what it has done for them.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

FREE Samples and Catalogue of best selling articles on earth. World Mfg Co., 122 Nassau St., N.Y.

Madame Levloux's Luxuria
Restores and enlarges the female bust. The only warranted remedy in the market. Every lady is invited to send address for circular. Sent free. Miller & Co., 170 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE E.

English Remedy. An unfailing Cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermathea, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a consequence of Self-Abuse; as Loss AFTER TAKING, of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity, Consumption and a premature grave.

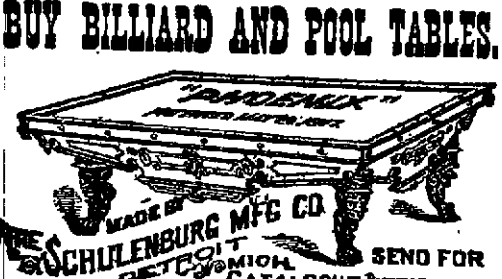
Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at one dollar per package, or six packages for five dollars, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money, by addressing
THE GRAY MEDICINE COMPANY,
No. 106 Main Street Buffalo, N. Y.
For sale by PETERSON, VEDDER & Co.

FITS EPILEPSY

OR
FALLING LICKNENS

Permanently Cured—No humbug—by one month's usage of Dr. GOULARD'S Celebrated Infallible Fit Powders. To convince sufferers that these powders will do all we claim for them we will send them by mail, postpaid, a free Trial Box. As Dr. Goulard is the only physician that has ever made this disease a special study, and as to our knowledge thousands have been permanently cured by the use of these Powders, we will guarantee a permanent cure in every case or refund you all money expended. All sufferers should give these powders an early trial, and be convinced of their curative powers. Price for large box, \$3.00, or 4 boxes for \$10.00, sent by mail to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of price, or by express, J. C. O. D. Address
ASH & ROBBINS,
360 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BUY BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES.



MADE IN
SCHULenburg MFG CO
DETROIT
SEND FOR
CATALOGUE & PRICE LIST

THE WHITE IS KING.

It has the most satisfying results. It is the only machine in the world that will make a perfect copy of any document, and it will do so in less than half the time of any other machine. It is the only machine that will make a perfect copy of any document, and it will do so in less than half the time of any other machine. It is the only machine that will make a perfect copy of any document, and it will do so in less than half the time of any other machine.

**WARRANTED
FOR FIVE YEARS.**

Address, for particulars, to
**WHITE SEWING
MACHINE CO.,**
Cleveland, Ohio.

J.C. VAUGHAN SEEDSMAN

CHICAGO (POTATOES)
42ms6aw

ROSES

And other RARE PLANTS we mail for \$1. Our Greenhouses (covering 3 acres in Glass) are the largest in America.
Peter Henderson & Co.,
35 Cortlandt St., New York.

FLOUR, FEED and PRODUCE.

I wish to inform the people of Burleigh County that I have just opened in the building next to the TRIBUNE a Flour, Feed and Produce Store, and hope to see my friends at my new stand. I shall keep only the best articles at the lowest market price. Remember the place
No. 37 Main Street, two doors west of Postoffice.
FRANK DONNELLY.

THIRTY-SIXTH

Popular Monthly Drawing of the
**COMMONWEALTH
DISTRIBUTION Co.**
In the City of Louisville, on

Friday, September 30, '81

These drawings occur monthly (Sundays excepted) under provisions of an Act of the General Assembly of Kentucky.

The United States Circuit Court on March 31st entered the following decisions:

1st—That the Commonwealth Distribution Company is legal.

2d—Its drawings are not fraudulent.

The Company has now on hand a large reserve fund. Read the list of prizes for the

SEPTEMBER DRAWING.

1 Prize..... \$28,000/100 Prizes \$100 ea \$10,000
1 Prize..... 10,000/500 Prizes 50 ea 10,000
1 Prize..... 5,000/1,000 Prizes 20 ea 12,000
10 Prizes \$1,000 ea 10,000/1,000 Prizes 10 ea 10,000
20 Prizes 500 ea 10,000
9 Prizes \$300 ea Approximation Prizes, \$2,700
9 Prizes 200 ea " " 1,800
8 Prizes 100 ea " " 800

1,990 Prizes, \$112,400

Whole Tickets, \$7. Half Tickets, \$1.
27 Tickets, \$50 56 Tickets, \$100.

Commit Money or Bank Draft in Letter, or send by Express. DON'T SEND BY REGISTERED LETTER OR POSTOFFICE ORDER. Orders of \$5 and upwards, by Express, can be sent at our expense. Address all orders to R. M. Boardman, Circular Journal Building, Louisville, Ky., or R. M. Boardman, 309 Broadway, New York.

TO THE RIVER

Busses for Fort Lincoln leave regularly from the corner of Main and Third streets at 5:30 a. m., 10 a. m., 4 p. m., and 7:30 p. m.

To the Landing

Busses to the steamboat landing run from the same place every few minutes. Both lines carry the U. S. mails. Leave orders for bus to call at Peoples' hardware store, corner Third and Main streets.

CONN PEOPLES, Pro.

H. H. HANES & CO.

Tree Planting Company!

BISMARCK, D. T.

We are prepared to furnish trees for tree culture or ornamental shade trees in quantities to suit, delivered by rail or river to any station in the west, at the following rates, money accompanying orders:
Cottonwood cuttings, double length... \$5 per M
do trees, 8 to 15 inches... 2 ..
do do 15 to 24 inches... 4 ..
do do 24 inches or over... 5 ..
Box Elder, for tree culture, 8 to 15 in... 5 ..
Box elder, for shade trees, from 10 to 50 cts each
Shepherdia (or Bullberry) for hedges, hardy, 18
inches to 2 feet, 6 cents each.
White ash, shade trees from 18 to 25 cents each
Trees set at reasonable rates by an experienced
tree planter. Address all orders to
Bismarck Tree Planting Company,
Bismarck, Dakota.
H. H. HANES & Co., Managers.

GET THE BEST!



LEAD ALL OTHERS!

Every Style & Price.

Guaranteed Unequaled
FOR
OPERATION,

ECONOMY,

DURABILITY and

WORKMANSHIP.

Improvements and Conveniences found in
no others.

Always Reliable.

POPULAR EVERYWHERE.
For Sale in Every City and Town
in the United States.

Views of the
YELLOWSTONE,
Bad Lands,
BLACK HILLS
and
Upper Missouri,
including all points of
interest on the line of
the North Pacific Rail-
road, published by
F. JAY HAYNES,
Official Photographer N.
P. R. R., Fargo, D. T.
Catalogue free.

FLOUR, FEED and PRODUCE.

I wish to inform the people of Burleigh County that I have just opened in the building next to the TRIBUNE a Flour, Feed and Produce Store, and hope to see my friends at my new stand. I shall keep only the best articles at the lowest market price. Remember the place
No. 37 Main Street, two doors west of Postoffice.
FRANK DONNELLY.

JIM MOORE.

Or "The Whitest Man in the Mines."

From the New York Star.

Jim Moore was one of the most widely-known characters in the great Carbonate Camp during the winter of '78-9, and his popularity did not wane to any perceptible extent until the first week in March, 1889, when he joined the church, forsook politics, and permitted the democrats to elect a mayor and two of the six aldermen which comprised the common council of Leadville. Colonel Jim was not handsome by any means, but what he lacked in personal appearance was made up for in greatness and kindness of heart. He stood five feet nine inches in bare feet, and in his knee-top patent-leather boots he was a good inch taller. His weight never exceeded one hundred and forty pounds; yet he was an athlete, and boasted of muscles that were as hard as iron. No one knew his age, but his home had once been in Evansville, Ind., and he was intimately acquainted with Frank M. Gilbert, one of the brightest editors of that little Hoosier city, and was never so happy as when narrating some boyish fiasco wherein Gilbert was one of the principal characters. His forehead was high and narrow, hair so black that it glittered in the light of day, eyes of the color of steel gray, nose a decided pug, mouth as large as Emily Solde's, lips almost as thick as paper, teeth irregular and ghastly white, chin and under jaw massive, cheek bones prominent as an Indian's and his smooth-shaven face was as sallow as though he had wrestled with chills and fever in the low lands of Arkansas from the day of his birth.

By avocation Jim Moore was a gambler. He found his way to Leadville in November, 1878, and took rooms on lower Chestnut street, his meals at the Tontine restaurant, and dealt faro in the Texas saloon on Harrison avenue. The first day in camp no one paid him a second thought, and his table was patronized by strangers alone. The second day June Richards, the camp bully, charged him with turning "top and bottom." Jim was shuffling the cards, preparing for the next deal, and he promptly knocked Richards down with the heavy silver box. When the bully returned to consciousness he saw that Jim had procured a fresh box, and was dealing as coolly as though nothing had occurred. The crowd fell back in anticipation of an exchange of pistol-shots, but Richards remarked that he was no hog, knew when he had enough, and left the house to spend his money in the little church saloon.

On the fourth day of Jim's sojourn in camp a reckless prospector by the name of Mooney, who had backed the seven-spot to lose when the seven had won, called the Man-from-Indiana a tin-horn gambler, and threw his heavy bowie-knife across the layout. Jim could not wink at such a breach of etiquette, and shot Mooney through the heart without rising from his chair. An inquest was held, and as all the gentlemen present at the time of the shooting pronounced it an act of self-defense, Jim was back at the table, dealing, within a few hours following the tragedy. This event sent his stock away above par, and from that day he was recognized on the street by the first gamblers of Colorado.

In the meantime a Methodist parson had come to the mines, and was endeavoring to raise a sum of money sufficient to build a place of worship. Jim called on the parson, extorted a promise from him that he would not play faro, keno or draw poker, nor be too hard on the sporting men of the camp—and then set about taking up a collection. He prepared a list, subscribed \$50 by way of beginning and then circulated the paper around the saloons and gambling tables, swearing that any sport who declined to chip in was no friend of Jim Moore's. The result was that Leadville possessed a church before Christmas. He attended the dedicatory services, led in singing and passed the hat around twice, once before the sermon and once following it. On the following Sabbath Jim was not at church, and in the afternoon the parson called at the Texas House to inquire if Mr. Moore was indisposed. He found Jim dealing and a throng of miners along the table.

"No foolishness here, parson," said Jim, sternly, as he paused with his fingers on the soda card.

Certainly not, I shall not interrupt," replied the reverend gentleman, in an apologetic tone, "but I did not see you at worship this morning."

"No," said Jim, slightly mollified, "and I expect your hat came back d—d light. I wanted to come down and take part, but as a \$2,000 sucker from Virginia City chanced in, and h—, you know I had to accommodate him."

The sacerdotal laborer took his departure after declining several invitations to drink from gentlemen in the crowd who recognized him, and never again called around to ascertain what cause had detained Jim Moore from attending morning service.

It was in these early days that claim and lot jumping flourished in Leadville. If a man, after toiling for weeks and months in a small shaft, chanced to strike it rich, tidings of his good luck would spread through the camp like wild-fire. In their greed for carbonates, many men would forget that their once poor companion had delved in the hard stone and fireclay until he had fairly won his prize, and their ruling thought was through what agency he could be dispossessed and his paying claim relocated. Claim jumping finally became quite a science, and mines had to be guarded night and day. As the price of real estate advanced in the camp, lot jumping became quite fashionable, and as a half-dozen land companies set up claims to the ownership of every foot of ground between the Arkansas and the First Range on one hand, and California Gulch and Tennessee Park on the other, the only bill of sale recognized as genuine was a Winchester rifle and a pair of self-cocking revolvers. There was seldom an hour in the day or night that was not broken by an exchange of rifle and pistol shots over some disputed mining claim or staked-off lot in the heart of the young city. Might in these days made right; there was no law, and an occasional lynching here only served to incite men on to more cruel and daring extremes. The camp at this time contained about 10,000 souls, and when I write that of this number at least two-fifths were gamblers, thieves, highwaymen and assassins, I simply state facts. Men who endured so many hardships and lived up in the heart of the Rocky mountains, two miles above the level of the sea, forgot all except that he must acquire riches, and it was immaterial to them how they became wealthy. Every base passion was quickened to such an extent that the old

adage of "honor among thieves" was even forgotten. Now all this is changed, and the only monuments to the winter, spring and summer of 1859 in Leadville are the well-filled cemeteries.

On the corner of Harrison avenue and State street an old withered hag of a washerwoman from Denver, by the name of Ray, had pitched her tent. A dwarfed pine stood about the center of three lots she had staked off, and this pine was made to do service as a center-pole for her canvas mansion. The desirable location of these lots excited the cupidity of four professional lot jumpers, and they announced that "Mrs. Ray must emigrate." One February night Jim Moore placed a brother dealer in his chair and walked out on the street for exercise and a breath of the pure cold air which sweeps down from snow-capped mountain tops. He had been dealing steadily for seven hours, and the fumes of liquor and smoke in the gaming room had served to make him weak and dizzy. As he strode up Harrison avenue, in the direction of Capitol Hill, it seemed to him that he had stepped into another clime.

The night was intensely cold, and small particles of snow and frost were born upon the bosom of the blast which raged from the west. They came with stinging force, and were so fierce that the streets were almost deserted.

Jim Moore paused. The blast had born to his ears an unusual sound. It was a woman's shriek for help. He had arrived at the corner of Maine street, and, turning, beheld a tiny tongue of flame a block below. A shanty on fire was his first thought, but by the time he gained the Chronicle office he saw that it was Mrs. Ray's tent. The tarred canvas burned fiercely, and by the light he saw four men and recognized them as lot jumpers. One had choked the old woman nigh to death, and his companions stood by with pistols in hand, to prevent any attempt on the part of a couple of pedestrians, who had halted across the street, at extinguishing the flames. On the ground was a tent which they had brought with them, and it was their intention to eject the washerwoman by an incendiary act, and then take possession of the vacated lots.

The man from Indiana understood the situation at a glance, and with a few quick bounds was within the glare of the burning tent. Two shots were fired at him by the lot-jumpers and then he returned their fire. At the first report of his pistol one went down with a bullet-hole in the center of his forehead, and the next instant his companion was also lying in the snow with a shattered thigh. By this time a dozen men were on the scene, and the remaining two backed off in the direction of the rude Theater Comique, with pistols standing at a full cock.

When Mrs. Ray realized that she had been saved, she went down upon her knees to the courageous gambler who had come to her rescue.

"I don't know your name," she cried, in tones of emotion, the tears all the while coursing down her wrinkled and weather-stained face, "but one thing I do know, God bless you! You are the whitest man in the mines!"

Several citizens assisted Jim in erecting the lot-jumper's tent for Mrs. Ray, and then the undertaker was summoned to remove the dead body. The wounded man was conveyed to his cabin on lower Chestnut street, and he was advised to leave the camp as soon as he could travel. Henceforth Jim Moore was universally spoken of as "the whitest man in the mines," and Mrs. Ray was never tired of singing his praise. The washerwoman is now quite wealthy. A few weeks following the destruction of her tent she sold one of the lots for \$14,000, and with this sum erected commodious buildings on the remaining two, which yield a handsome rental.

My second night in the Carbonate camp a friend asked if I knew Jim Moore. My answer was in the negative. He remarked that I must make the acquaintance of the whitest man in the mines before I could hope to enter Leadville's best society. We strolled down from the Clarendon hotel to the house where Jim presided over a faro lay-out, and I was introduced as "the new editor of the Chronicle." Moore scrutinized me an instant with his hard, steel-grey eyes, and then gave me a hand-clasp which brought tears to my eyes from its severity. He smiled at my wince of pain, and, as he drew in a stack of blues from the queen-tent, said, addressing me:

"Where from?"

"St. Louis," I answered, as tersely as the question had been put.

"Good enough," was his response, and he went out between cards asking question after question as to people whom he had known in the city.

Desirous of gaining his good-will I placed a ten-dollar note on the ace, playing it open. "Please don't do it," said he. "It breaks me all up to have friends play at my table. If you want \$50 or \$100 take it out of the drawer, but for God's sake don't play faro!"

When the Vigilantes were organized against the leeches of the mines, who rejoiced in the title of "The Law and Order Abiders," Jim took no part. "It ain't my funeral," he exclaimed, "I can't shake the boys, nor I can't go back on the good people here." So I guess I'll take a reserved seat on the fence and pass myself off for a statesman.

The rough element concluded in November, 1879, that Leadville had no need for newspapers, and in accordance the proprietors, publishers, editors and reporters of the three daily papers were ordered out of town. The outlook was decidedly unpleasant, for while men felt loth to desert their property, they knew that their lives were imperiled by remaining. I paid a visit to Jim Moore and briefly explained the situation.

"I catch on," said he, "and I shall slide down from the fence. I propose to deal faro in this camp until I get ready to leave, and if any one dared to interfere with me there would be a circus and menagerie turned loose in fifteen seconds; and they have actually ordered the newspaper men out of town?" he half questioned, "and still call themselves sports."

He practiced a new shuffle for a few minutes, then, tossing his cards into the drawer, said:

"Go back to the boys and tell them to scribble their lies in peace. I shall pay a visit to the Law and Order Abiders, and convince them in a very few minutes that newspapers are the salvation of this mining camp."

That night the roughs held a meeting, and when the whitest man in the mines strode into their midst and took a seat on the platform he was cheered heartily. He

announced the object of his call briefly and emphatically, and swore by all the hooppoles in Poy county that he would shoot the first man who went fooling around a newspaper office or gunning for newspaper men. He was respected and feared by all the knaves, and nothing more was said about destroying the newspaper offices until the Vigilantes captured Stewart and Frosham and hanged them to the rafter of a building in course of erection.

"The newspapers did not hang them," said Jim Moore, "it was the Vigilants."

"But did not the papers counsel lynching us?" demanded the leader of the Law and Order band.

"What if they did?" was Jim's reply. "Ain't this a free country, and don't the constitution provide for a free press? Of course it does, and I just feel like shooting somebody who wants to insult the constitution and the American flag."

When one of Wall & Witter's stages cap-sized a few miles below Leadville, and Rev. Mr. Pickett, who was riding in the boot with the driver, was crushed to death, Jim swore that "the parson had been a prince," and subscribed liberally toward defraying his funeral.

But the Saturday night that Jim concluded to quit dealing faro and go to preaching will long be remembered in Lake county, Colorado. He stopped in the middle of the deal and removed the cards from the box, explaining that all bets were off, that the cases were off, and that he had dealt his last card.

"What is the matter, Jim?" cried a dozen in one voice.

"Nothing," he replied, "only that I have concluded that preaching, and not dealing, is my trade. You may call me 'Jim,' and the 'whitest man in the mines,' to-night, but hereafter you must always address me as Mr. Moore."

The proprietor of the house endeavored to induce Jim to remain; but he was firm in his intention.

"You might offer me a thousand a minute," said he, "and it would not influence me in the least. I have done a terrible lot of harm guiding the Royal Bengal, and now I intend to do a powerful lot of good. Bar-keeper, drinks for the house at my expense."

Jim Moore did some missionary work in Leadville. His sermons were always brief but forcible, and were interspersed with slang phrases acquired at the gaming table. About the first of April, 1880, he set out for Gunnison City, on snow-shoes, saying that he "felt called upon to wrestle with the Gunnison heathen." He did not arrive at Gunnison, nor did he return to Leadville. His strange disappearance was unaccounted for until the following July, when bold prospectors penetrated the gulches on Taylor river above Ruby camp. There is one of the deep fissures, they found a human body. It was still frozen, and decomposition had not set in. From the position of the body they judged that the unfortunate man had accidentally fallen into the fissure. Frank Pritchard, one of the party of prospectors, who had loitered behind testing the rocks, came up to his companions, cast one glance at the remains, and said, with great emotion:

"Heavens, boys, this is the body of Jim Moore, the whitest man in the mines!"

PICKING LOCKS

The Thrilling Story of Max Shimburn—The Expert Thief! Now a Baron in Belgium. From the Brooklyn Eagle.

Probably one of the most successful bank burglars ever in the United States was Max Shimburn, who came here to make theft a business. Many stories are told of him and his successful operations. The police and detectives knew him, but as he was generous with them in dividing his gains, he was allowed more immunity than most criminals. It is said that he spent \$25,000 a year in feeing the police of New York. In the latter part of the sixties a safe which was situated in the office of a Coal company in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, was robbed of all the packages containing the monthly payments of the employees of the company. The case was given into the hands of Pinkerton to work up. He had no clue to start on what, as there was nothing about the safe to show that it had been tampered with. They made a diligent search and investigation, and finally discovered the whole plot in which Shimburn was engaged. At that time he was the most noted expert burglar living. They arrested him, and subsequently it was ascertained that he had visited the office four nights in succession, each night opening the door of the office, the door of his safe, and afterward looking them up again the same as he found them. His object was to be in attendance the night the packages would be in the safe. The fourth night he was successful. He entered the office and safe the same as he had hitherto done, and taking the money packages out, carefully relocked the safe and office door, and went off rejoicing with a small fortune in his possession. He was arrested in New York, and agreed without any words to go back to Wilkesbarre with the detectives, without the formality of obtaining a requisition from the governor. When he arrived at Wilkesbarre Shimburn pleaded not to be put in jail until he should be taken before a magistrate. It was consequently arranged that the Philadelphia superintendent of Pinkerton's concern should remain in charge of the case. The superintendent occupied one room in the hotel, and a detective and Shimburn occupied an adjoining one, both being handcuffed together in bed. Before retiring Shimburn requested the use of a pen, ink and paper for the purpose, as he said, of writing to a friend in New York city. The detective furnished him with the materials, for which Shimburn thanked him. He finished his writing, and returned everything but the pen, which he kept. The detective did not think anything of that, as he supposed he had mislaid or lost it. They were handcuffed together, and went to bed. In the middle of the night Shimburn began his work. He brought out the pen from its concealment, and began his work on the lock of the handcuff. It was but a few moments before he was freed from the shackles, and, unlocking the door, regained his liberty. About three o'clock in the morning the detective awoke, and found he was alone. The Coal company subsequently settled with Shimburn, consequently he was not prosecuted. Shimburn was prominently connected with the Boylston bank robbery, in which \$400,000 were stolen. He was also the principal in the Ocean bank theft, which was the last robbery of any prominence in which he took part. When he had concluded that he went to Europe, possessing about \$250,000, which sum placed him in afflu-

ence, notwithstanding the character he had attained or the manner in which he got the money. He is now a baron in Belgium. There is one case on record in which a criminal secured his liberty by picking the lock with a hairpin. There are several where a bent wire has placed the thief in possession of large sums of money. Indeed the most marvelous stories—all of them true—are extant of the dexterity of the alert burglar and his performances.

WITH A CASKET OF LETTERS.

What I have written is written,
And here you will find it some day,
In this old black ebony casket,
Dated, and hidden away;
When your heart will have warmed to another,
Although you swear now to be true,
Then I hope that you'll tear up my letters,
Lest she should discover them, too.

You exclaim I say this to torment you,
To scoff at the love you have sworn;
Kiss fondly the words I have sent you,
And vow they shall never be torn;
And that if time should tempt me to sever
The fetters that suit you so well,
You will throw yourself into a river,
Or live like a monk in a cell.

Yet why should you think I would wound you?
I know you have loved me, and loved me,
And all I have said in these letters
I think that I, too, dear, have proved;
And I well know you think as you say, dear,
That your heart will forever be true;
But every one says that men change, dear,
And so I suppose that they do.

So, if in the unknown future
You chance on this ebony case,
You needn't read over my letters
Ere taking them out of their place;
There'll be no need to prize them or spare
Them—

Dry fruits of a faded desire,
You had much better take them and tear them,
And toss them all into the fire.

Still, what I have written is written;
And here you will find it some day,
When most of my words are forgotten,
And half of your hair is gray;

But you needn't think sadly of me, dear,
Or lament that you haven't been true;
For I think that you will probably see, dear,
That I shall have changed then, too.

—London World.

Jasper, The Negro Preacher.

From the Boston Congregationalist.

I regret that I have forgotten the preacher's text, which was, however, from the early part of the Book of Acts, and, by a most remarkable exegetical process, was converted into an argument in favor of an uneducated ministry. But, though his text did little to establish Jasper's right to preach, his sermon did much. He had the faults of negro oratory, exaggerated action, a painful intensity, together with a sort of gasp as if for breath to keep so hot a fire burning; but the absorbed attention of his hearers, together with a suppressed excitement which is difficult not to feel, proved that the speaker had a real power. The fire, moreover, seemed truly kindled from above, the impression being that of great sincerity and earnestness.

I will attempt to give an account of one passage which may convey some idea of his peculiar manner. The passage was a description of Christ's coming to this earth to procure his bride. He began with these words: "The Lord came to the earth in the Year One." He then recounted, in wonderful vivid language, how He sought out his bride, called her to Himself, separated her from the world, conquered her enemies, exalted her in honor. At last He has finished the work; has clothed her in white, has brought her down to the river's edge, and has got her coming over. Ascending then to Heaven He appears before the Father, and addresses Him in these words: "Father I've done been to earth and died, and now I've obtained my bride and I've got her coming over." I am aware that what I am saying conveys but a faint impression of this remarkable passage of oratory; but that word got, with its emphasis of joyful sympathy and triumph, rings in my ears to this day, a climax of eloquent feeling which I have seldom heard equalled.

Long before the sermon was through we all understood that it was Jasper who was speaking. Where another man says I, or uses the more impersonal we, this man said Jasper. He was not afraid to talk a great deal about Jasper, and kept himself constantly on terms with his hearers. Toward the close, in a scarcely less familiar, though reverent way, he had a conversation with God, as friend with friend. I remember his reminding the Lord that he had not shunned his battles, and that the enemy had sometimes smitten him. Whereupon he struck his breast with sudden emphasis and cried out: "Hers! Lord, here!" He had turned no coward's back to the foe.

When the service was over, I chanced upon a citizen of Richmond, almost the only white man beside myself whom I saw at the service, who told me some things I was interested to know about the colored preachers. In the most of them he had little confidence. Jasper was the bright exception, a man not only of ability, but of genuine piety. Afterward, introduced by this gentleman, I had a conversation with Jasper, at the close of which he uttered over me some words of benediction, spoken with real dignity and grace, which I shall carry with me to the end in pleasant memory of a remarkable man, and a very superior representative of his race.

THE MANLY ART.

A Dozen Bullies Punished by One "Light Weight."

From the Kingston (Con.) Freeman.
That it pays sometimes to be the possessor of physical strength, and have some knowledge of the "manly art of self-defense," was fully demonstrated on Sunday evening on the Sleightburg shore, and on the ferryboat riverside. On that evening a young man named Cole, from this side of the creek, came on the ferryboat River-side with a young lady from Port Ewen in his care. On the boat was a large number of "brick-yards," among whom were two irrepressible loafers. On the trip over one of the loafers began to abuse the young man having the lady in charge, but as that gentleman was probably undesirous of creating a scene, and did not wish to encounter the large mob which clustered around him and sympathized with the loafers, he did not have much to say. But an unseen friend was near. Quietly sitting on one of the seats was a young man weighing about 135, who is skilled in the proper handling of his fists. This young man was on his way to Port Ewen to convey a telegram to his sister living there to come immediately to New York city to the bedside of another sister who was ill; but to see a man taken advantage of while with a lady made his

blood-boil, and for the next few minutes he dismissed all thoughts of domestic affairs. As soon as the boat reached the other side he carefully deposited his Sunday coat, hat and vest on the ground, and going up to the young man with the girl said, "You go right along with your lady and I will settle with this crowd for that insult to you on the boat. He then approached the lofer who had used his vocal organs the most, and said to him: "Young man do you know that you are a coward to take advantage of a man while with a lady? And now I am going to lick you for it, and the whole of the crowd that sympathized with you." Lofer attempted to make a reply, but the words were scarcely spoken when he was knocked down so flat that his body indented the ground. He got up and was again knocked down. Then his brother came out of the crowd to his rescue, and had the same favor done for him. The action became general, and the way the whole crowd was surrounded and "polished off" brought tears of joy to the eyes of these who believed in stern justice to loafers and bullies. It was especially enjoyable when four of them ran on the Riverside, for while three of them took refuge in the hold, the fighter had one by the throat whose head reached the ceiling of the cabin, and looking up to see his face, "Beg, you coward, or I'll split you." After he had begged three times the man let go his grip. He then calmly walked ashore, put on his coat, vest and hat, and went on his way to deliver the message to his sister, unmolested by the "twelve," whom he had put hors du combat. During the melee he had caught one of the crowd by the sleeve of his coat, which came off in his hand, and on his return from Port Ewen he found him on this side of the creek, and said: "Now, you have have learned something, and I want you to get behind me and march home with me, and my sister shall sew in the sleeve of that coat for you;" and the great calf had to do as he was told and follow the young man home.

When To Sleep.

The same faculty of sleeping and waking at short notice may be utilized for the purpose of taking little naps whenever opportunity offers—in the last half hour of the noontide recess, or during the Buncombe interludes of a protracted session. The inhabitants of all intertropical countries make the time of repose a movable festival, and during the dog-days of our torrid summers it would be clearly the best plan to imitate their example. "Children must not sleep in the day time," says a by-law of our time dishonored Koran of domestic superstitions; and, not satisfied with keeping our little ones at school during the summer drowsy afternoon of the increase we solstice their misery by stuffing them at the very noon of the hottest hours with a mass of greasy (i. e., heat-producing and soporific) food. An hour after the end of a long, sultry day comes the cool night-wind, heaven's own blessing for all who hunger and thirst after fresh air; but no, "Night-air is injurious," besides, Mrs. Grundy objects to promenades after dark, so the children are driven to their suffocating, unventilated bedrooms, not to sleep but to swelter, till toward midnight, when drowsiness subsides into a sort of lethargy which yields only to broad daylight, three or four hours after sunrise: "So much the better," says the fashionable mother, who has passed the night at an ice cream ridotto, "and morning air isn't healthy, either; most dangerous to leave the house before the dew is off the grass." Only the curse of pessimism, our woful distrust of our natural instincts can explain such absurdities. The parched palate's petition for a cooling liquid is not plainer than the brain's craving for rest and slumber when a high temperature adds its somniferous tendency to the drowsy influence of a full meal. On warm summer days all nature indulges in a noontide nap; I have walked through tropical forests that were as silent under the rays of a vertical sun as a Norwegian pine-grove in the dead of a polar night; nor would it be easy to name a single animal that does not appear sleepy after meals. At noon leaf-trees throw their densest shade; even butterflies seek the penetralia of the foliage, and lizards cling lazily to the dark side of the lower branches; every school-teacher knows that children feel the drowsy spell of the afternoon sun; why should they alone be hurt by yielding to its promptings? Either postpone the principal meal to the end of the day, or increase the noontide recess to at least three hours, so as to leave time for a digestive siesta.

The Vanderbilt Palace.

From the Philadelphia Times.

The great Vanderbilt palace on Fifth avenue approaches completion. For three years it has been in the course of erection, and is now so nearly finished that its owner expects to occupy it before Christmas. In size, in elegance, in costliness, there is no house like it. A few princes and emperors of the Old World may have more pretentious palaces, but it has been reserved for an American sovereign to eclipse them in the construction of an edifice which, while it contains all that can be desired in architecture and in art, is also replete with everything that contributes to the comfort of a real home.

"Is it not extravagant?" asks somebody who lives in his own neat dwelling. Mr. Vanderbilt's outlay in these houses is variously estimated at from two to three millions of dollars.

And now it is reported that Millionaire Flood, from the Pacific coast, means to outshine Vanderbilt in the erection of a house on the avenue which will be larger and more costly. Well, let him build. These rich men might as well spend their money freely in this kind of work. Vanderbilt's expenditure has not been for mere display. He is a generous patron of every variety of art. He pays liberally and puts a vast amount of money in circulation among the artists who do his pleasure. A happy home and long life to the great railway king.

The Enormous Territory of Russia.

A glance at the map will satisfy us that the surface of the smaller half of the empire—European Russia—is considerably larger than that of all the other states of Europe put together; while the other half—Siberia, with the rest of the Asiatic provinces—is not far from covering one-third of the Asiatic continent; and that a recent traveler, the Rev. Henry Lansdell, in his five months' journey from London to the mouth of the Amoor, all across the czar's dominions, went over 2,600 miles by rail, 5,700 by steam, and 3,000 by horses, or, altogether, 11,500 miles almost in a straight line.

WEATHER BULLETIN.

The following, reported specially for the Tribune, shows the condition of the weather at the various points mentioned, at 9:30 last evening:

Station.	Temperature.	Direction of Wind.	Force of Wind.	State of the Weather.
Bismarck...	64	N	16	Light rain
St. Paul...	59	E	10	Light rain
St. Louis...	52	NW	12	Cloudy.
St. Joseph...	53	NW	16	Cloudy.

Keogh, stationary. Buford, fall 2 inches.

U. S. CRAMER, Sergeant Signal Corps, U. S. A.

LOCAL LEAVINGS.

Prescriptions accurately compounded at all hours, at P. V. & Co.'s new drug store.

For a small band, the Billy Arlington is a good one.

It is this fall now. How do you like the weather?

The first of the month bill collector was abroad in the land yesterday.

Several children are ill with scarlet fever in this city at the present time.

A seven year old daughter of Michael Durach at the landing is seriously ill.

Denny Hannafin pauses to remark that the old pioneers are rapidly passing away.

Guiteau should be introduced to Judge Lynch who would at once predict an early fall.

H. F. Douglass arrived from Glendive last evening. He did not visit the gold mines. (?)

Two children are reported having died in this city, yesterday, the disease being scarlet fever.

French & Granberry, of Mandan, have contracted to furnish 2,000,000 brick to parties in Glendive.

The satisfactory showers of the last two days indicate that the back bone of the dry spell is broken.

A number of barrels of little infernal machines have been shipped to this city. We refer to the import of early apples.

It is rumored that work will soon be commenced on the building of a three story brick block opposite the Tribune office.

A gentleman, now erecting a fine residence in Bismarck states that his real estate purchased last spring has increased 100 per cent. in value.

Jackson and Peasley, the favorites, have been re-engaged for several weeks by Manager Whitney, and will appear in their specialties as usual.

The Dacotah will get away for up river at noon to-day and will be met by one of the smaller boats of the same line which will transfer her cargo for Benton.

An infant child of Mr. and Mrs. James Malloy was buried yesterday, it having died while the parents were on a visit to Wisconsin. They have the sympathy of the community.

The steamer Nellie Peck arrived from above with nine passengers and a quantity of freight at two o'clock yesterday afternoon. She will start on her return trip as soon as she can re-load.

A lady attending the Arlington minstrel entertainment last evening, laughingly remarked to another near her that the closing act would be "Chemisefore." She had got things a little mixed, that's all.

The first stone for the first pier of the Bismarck bridge was laid Wednesday. It is the foundation stone for one of the best railroad bridges across the Missouri river—to cost when completed fully a million dollars.

So far the watermelon crop harvested in the city has developed nothing sensational in the way of sickness. The few who have had twinges of conscience over too much melon have concealed their grief as best they could.

Col. Clough is in charge of the engineering department of the North Pacific railroad at Bozeman and is doing effective work. The Courier says the cars will be at Ferry Point, sixty miles east, by the middle of September.

The Deadwood Driving Park association is making extensive preparations for its fall meeting. The Tribune acknowledges the receipt of the compliments of the season from President Madden and expresses the hope that the fair will be the success anticipated.

Round trip tickets will be sold at the ticket office of the Northern Pacific railway from Bismarck to Minneapolis and return, for those desiring to attend the Northwestern Exposition. Sale of tickets will commence on September 3d, close September 9th.

Miss Cleveland has consented to deliver a series of temperance lectures in the M. E. Church in this city. The subject of her lecture this evening is "The Progress

of the Temperance Reform and the Outlook for the Future." Catholics, Germans and all foreigners are specially invited.

Capt. Stephen Baker, Sixth Infantry, writes from Fort Hall, Idaho, that his company is again out of the woods and old friends will be entertained at Fort Hall. Maj. Jack Carland is again A. C. S., and Lieut. Ingalls is east on sick leave. For a cattle country Capt. Baker thinks Idaho can't be beat.

Bismarck is to have a visit from the governor general of Canada. He has changed his programme, and instead of returning by South Saskatchewan he will go via Benton and the Missouri and Northern Pacific to Glyndon, and thence St. Paul for a week, returning to Ottawa by St. Paul and Chicago.

One of the most encouraging things that we have seen lately is the vigorous manner in which the farmers are pushing their work. The experience of the past year has not been without a lesson, and the farmers have learned it. There is no time wasted and stacking, haying and plowing are going on rapidly.

The Yellowstone, when the Benton passed down on the afternoon of last Sunday, was on a "rampage." Ditto the Little Missouri, which after the tremendous rain storm of Monday night, was hurling its muddy waters in torrential force entirely across the bosom of its grandfather, the "Big" Missouri. We may now look for better water to Buford.

Col. Thomas B. Needles, of Illinois, together with Hon. W. H. Robinson and Hon. Thomas W. Scott, of the Republican State Central committee of that state, are in the city looking over this region for business and pleasure. They return to Jamestown to-day, and will spend Sunday in Fargo, the guests of Major Edwards. They are immensely pleased with the North Pacific region, and will put in some good licks for the division of Dakota. They thought they had seen some tall farming in Illinois, but they had seen nothing to compare with wheat farming in North Dakota.

PURELY PERSONAL.

W. H. Friscoe, Chas. Gale, F. Gruitsch, all Montanians of eleven years duration and experience, were the guests of Capt. Gilham, on the rosy Benton.

Among the passengers down on the Benton, having business in Bismarck, we note Mr. F. A. Porter, of Poplar Creek Agency, a clever gentleman and well known along the waters of the Big Muddy.

Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. W. Shaw, of Stevenson, Mrs. Lieut. G. H. Wright, Mrs. M. L. Leighton and the two Mrs. Jordans with their families, en route to St. Paul, were passengers down on the Benton.

Hon. Geo. P. Flannery and F. J. Call have returned from Miles City. Judging from the way they were treated at Miles they are as popular there as they are at home. They received kind words and invitations to become Montanians from everybody.

Mrs. J. J. Palmer and Miss Cora Palmer, of Indianapolis. T. T. Palmer, of Brainerd, J. H. Palmer, of Minneapolis, Miss Hunt, of Brainerd, Miss Lydia Barrows, of Minneapolis, and the Misses Nena and Agnes Smith, of Mt. Auburn, Ohio, were among the passengers on Wednesday's train.

Gen. Wm. Myers, the elegant and ubiquitous A. Q. M. General U. S. A., was the guest of the genial John M. Gilham, captain of the Benton, on her last trip down. The General goes direct to St. Paul, looking somewhat bronzed from his recent tour of observation, yet in excellent health.

Among the passengers on the Dacotah, beside the Arlington minstrels, consisting of twelve people, were W. B. Shaw, Mrs. W. H. Burgess, Mrs. Curtis and son, G. P. Leonard and wife, Maj. Kellogg, wife and two children, K. F. Mulrooney, William Eschmeyer, A. J. Walker, B. Wolfe, Wm. Wanless, Geo. W. Brown, John Labeau, Harry Winslow, Mr. Morrison and family, Mrs. Ed. Higbie, Miss Josie Todd, Mrs. Mulrooney, J. F. Coulter, T. Hays, W. Lewis, E. Moriarty, T. P. Kellin, J. H. Spitzley, A. N. Kidder, Thos. Archibald and sixteen deck passengers.

Storm on the Missouri.

Seldom indeed within the storm annals of Dakota has there been seen so violent and wicked a storm of wind, rain and excessive hail as that met by the steamer Benton seven miles below the mouth of the Little Missouri, on Monday last, commencing at 7:05 p. m., and furiously raging until 8:10 p. m. The heavens were filled with one continued glare of electricity accompanied by deafening peal after peal of thunder, reminding one more of the siege of Vicksburg or Chickamauga than ought else we can remember; but with this difference, and a very marked difference, too, that in the one case Pemberton surrendered and went down, while in the latter Gen. John M. Gilham did not capitulate, and to-day the

Benton floats the water "like a thing of life" having suffered no damage.

Over Twenty-Five Years.

For the first time in twenty-five years Mr. R. R. Marsh, of the Merchants hotel, will pay a visit to Minneapolis, during the fair. He goes as one of the delegates from Burleigh county. Twenty-five years ago Mr. Marsh was steward on the steamer Tigress, and landed just below the falls. At that time there was a saw mill on the east side, but on the west everything was as nature had made it, and with the exception of the mill and a few saw logs, there was scarcely any sign of civilization. He has heard that the burgh has grown some, and expects to find quite a number of tents pitched where he landed a quarter of a century ago. He is kicking himself because he did not "take a claim there at that time, but feels confident that Bismarck will soon get there herself in as good shape as Minneapolis has.

Quick Work.

The repairing of the U. S. military telegraph line at the Bennett crossing was a quick piece of work. The crossing is about 3,000 feet wide and strung in high masts, and when it does break it is always a difficult and sometimes tedious and slow operation to get it up again. In this case, however, Superintendent Grimes was more fortunate. The crossing went down in a high wind storm at four p. m. on the 24th. Next day the special steel wire was hauled out of the river, to be used again, and the next day the crossing was repaired, within eighteen hours after going down. The breaks in the military line have been few and far between, which is sufficient recommendation for the efficiency of Lieut. George S. Grimes, officer in charge.

Temperance Work.

Miss Cynthia Eloise Cleveland, of the National Temperance Union, is in the city to aid in organizing a temperance work. She is the vice president of the Woman's Temperance Union, of the Sixth Congressional district of Michigan, and is a lecturer of considerable note. She held her first meeting at the Methodist church last evening, and will speak again on Friday evening. The Detroit and other Michigan papers speak in high terms of Miss Cleveland as a lecturer, and as a highly cultured lady.



We now say to the afflicted and doubting ones that we will pay the above reward for a single case of

LAME BACK

That the Pad fails to cure. This Great Remedy will Positively and Permanently cure Lumbago, Lame Back, Sciatica, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Incontinence and retention of the Urine, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, High Colored Urine, Pain in the Back, Side or Loins, Nervous Weakness, and in fact all disorders of the Bladder and Urinary Organs whether contracted by private diseases or otherwise.

LADIES, if you are suffering from Female Weakness, Leucorrhoea, or any disease of the Kidneys, Bladder, or Urinary Organs,

YOU CAN BE CURED!

Without swallowing nauseous medicines, by simply wearing

PROF. GUILMETTE'S

FRENCH KIDNEY PAD.

Which cures by Absorption. Ask your druggist for Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pad, and take no other. If he has not got it, send \$2 and you will receive the Pad by return mail.

TESTIMONIALS FROM THE PEOPLE. Judge Buchanan, Lawyer, Toledo, O., says: "One of Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads cured me of Lumbago in three weeks' time. My case had been given up by the best doctors at my residence. During all this time I suffered untold agony and paid out large sums of money."

George Vetter, a. P., Toledo, O., says: "I suffered for three years with Sciatica and Kidney Disease, and often had to go about on crutches. I was entirely and permanently cured after wearing Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pad four weeks."

Squire N. G. Scott, Sylvan, O., writes: "I have been a great sufferer for 15 years with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. For weeks at a time was unable to get out of bed; took barrels of medicine, but they gave me only temporary relief. I wore two of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads six weeks, and now I know I am entirely cured."

Mrs. Helen Jerome, Toledo, O., says: "For years I have been confined, a great part of the time, to my bed with Leucorrhoea and female weakness. I wore one of Guilmette's Kidney Pads and was cured in one month."

H. B. Grier, who is a druggist, Findlay, O., writes: "I am 71 years with lame back, and in three weeks was permanently cured by wearing one of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads."

B. F. Keesling, M. D., Druggist, Logansport, Ind., when sending in an order for Kidney Pads, writes: "I wore one of the first ones we have and I received more benefit from it than anything I ever used. In fact the Pads give better general satisfaction than any Kidney remedy we ever sold."

Ray & Shoemaker, Druggists, Hannibal, Mo. We are working up a lively trade in your pads, and are hearing of good results from them every day.

PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH LIVER PAD Will positively cure Fever and Ague, Dumb Ague, Ague Cake, Bilious fever, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, and all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Blood. Price \$1.50 by mail. Send for Prof. Guilmette's Treatise on the Kidneys and Liver, free by mail. Address 3717 FRENCH PAD CO., Toledo, Ohio

THE TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, Auditor's Office. Whereas, the National Fire Insurance Company, located in the city of Hartford, and state of Connecticut, has filed in this office a sworn statement on the 31st day of December, A. D. 1880, in accordance with the provisions of an act of Congress, relating to insurance companies, approved February 16, 1877; and Whereas, on examination of the sworn statement of said company filed in this office, I find that the said insurance company is possessed of the necessary amount of capital invested as required by law. Therefore, I, L. M. Purdy, auditor of Dakota territory, do hereby certify that said insurance company is duly authorized to transact the business of fire insurance in said territory for the year ending December 31, 1881. Frank J. Call properly appointed agent at Bismarck, Burleigh county, D. T. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 6th day of August, 1881. L. M. Purdy, Auditor.

Notice of Contest.

U. S. Land Office, Bismarck, Dak., August 10, 1881.

Complaint having been entered at this office by Agnes H. Cronkrite against Wm. B. Martin for abandoning his Homestead Entry No. 196, dated September 1, 1880, upon the n. e. quarter section 20, township 139, n., range 226 in Kidder county, D. T., with a view to the cancellation of said entry; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 24th day of October, 1881, at 9 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning such alleged abandonment. JOHN A. REA, Register.

Notice of Contest.

U. S. Land Office at Bismarck, D. T., July 24, 1881.

Complaint having been entered at this office by Henry I. Wright against Ferdinand Kramer for failure to comply with law as to timber culture entry No. 60, dated June 15th, 1878, upon the south east quarter of section eight, township 139, range 73, in Kidder county, Dakota, with a view to the cancellation of said entry; contestant alleging that Ferdinand Kramer has failed to break or caused to be broken ten acres on the said tract, and has failed to plant or set out any trees whatever since taking the same. The said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 14th day of September, 1881, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged failure. JOHN A. REA, Register.

Notice of Final Proof.

LAND OFFICE at Bismarck, D. T., August 30, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and secure final entry thereof at this office on the 4th day of October, 1881, at 10 o'clock a. m. viz: J. Dawson Thomson, N. e. number 18, 5, made August 2, 1880, for the s w 1/4, Sec 10 tp 139 n, r 72 w and names the following as his witnesses, viz: L. Raymond, Michael McLaughlin, I Corly Rhodes and James Reynolds, all of Kidder County D. T., P. O. Dawson. JOHN A. REA, Register.

Notice of Final Proof.

LAND OFFICE at Bismarck, D. T., August 2, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at this office on the 7th day of September, 1881, at 10 o'clock a. m. viz: Wm. Howard, Homestead Entry No. 398, of the southwest quarter of section 25, township 14 N, range 81 west, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: James A. Emmens, Henry Suttle, Michael Feller and R. R. Mareh, all of Burleigh Co. P. O. Address, Bismarck, D. T. 9-98 JOHN A. REA, Register.

Statement of the Condition

OF THE

National Fire Insurance Company

OF HARTFORD.

On the thirty-first day of December, 1880.

The name of the company is given above. It is located in Hartford, Conn. The amount of its capital stock is \$600,000. The amount of its capital paid up stock is \$600,000. The assets of the company are as follows: Cash on hand and in the hands of agents or other persons \$127,422 68 Real estate unimproved 56,523 21

BONDS.

Bonds owned by the company, to wit: Par Value Mkt Value

United States bonds \$ 50,000 00 57,000 00

Connecticut state bonds 5,000 00 5,300 00

Hartford and other city and town bonds 159,000 00 179,370 00

Railroad bonds 55,000 00 62,000 00

OTHER ASSETS.

Loans on bond and mortgage being first lien on unimproved real estate worth double the amount loaned. 267,300 00

Debts otherwise secured, interest accrued 12,144 02

Debts for premiums 173,346 41

All other securities, 3.615 shares of bank and railroad stock, etc. 452,250 00

Total assets \$1,228,509 91

LIABILITIES.

Amount due or not due to banks or other creditors 10,000 00

Losses adjusted and due 7,047 86

Losses undadjusted 27,865 00

Losses in suspense, waiting for further proof 27,865 00

All other claims against the company. Amount necessary to insure outstanding risks, 50 per cent. per rata 173,346 41

Total liabilities \$298,259 28

The greatest amount insured in any one risk \$15,000

The greatest amount allowed by the company to be insured in any one city, town or village—no limit.

The greatest amount allowed to be insured in any one block depends upon its character.

Net amount premiums received from Dakota in 1880.

Net amount losses paid in Dakota in 1880, none.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT, County of Hart-

Mark Howard, president and James Nichols, secretary of the National Fire Insurance Company, being duly sworn, depose and say, that the foregoing is a full, true and correct statement of the affairs of said company, that the said insurance company is the bona fide owner of at least one hundred thousand dollars of actual cash United States stocks and bonds, or in bond and mortgages of real estate unimproved and worth double the amount for which the same is mortgaged; and they are the above described officers of said insurance company. M. HOWARD, President.

JAMES NICHOLS, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 24th day of January, 1881.

HERBERT B. LANGDON, Notary Public.

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, Office of Auditor.

I, the undersigned auditor of the territory of Dakota, hereby certify that the above is a correct copy of the statement or the condition of the above mentioned company on the 31st day of December, 1880, as shown by the original statement, and that the said original statement is now on file in this office.

In testimony whereof, I hereunto subscribe my name and affix my official seal, this 6th day of August, 1881.

L. M. PURDY, Territorial Auditor.

INSURANCE

FIRE AND MARINE

In the Following Companies:

Springfield	-	\$1,361,948 00
Western, Toronto	-	1,150,542 00
Firemen's Fund	-	811,673 00
Star of New York	-	608,803 00
3 Paul Fire and Marine	-	558,483 00
American Central	-	550,296 00

\$5,042,045 00
G. H. FAIRCHILD, Agent.

EMANUEL C. BROHOLM,

34 N. Fourth St.,

Practical Boot Maker,

— Likewise —

BUILDER OF SHOES

Perfect fits Guaranteed. Only the Best Material used. Custom Work a Specialty. Repairing Neatly Done.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful re-terative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling-out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assessor of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world. For sale by all dealers.

CONSUMPTION

POSITIVELY CURED.

All sufferers from this disease that are anxious to be cured should try Dr. KISSNER'S Celebrated Consumptive Powders. These powders are the only preparation known that will cure Consumption and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs—indeed, so strong is our faith in them, and also to convince you we have them on hand, we will forward to every sufferer, by mail, postpaid, a free trial box. We don't want your money until you are perfectly satisfied of their curative powers. If you are worth saving, don't delay in giving these Powders a trial, as they will surely cure you. Send for a trial box \$3.00, sent to any part of the United States or Canada, by mail, on receipt of price. Address, ASH & ROBBINS, 309 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

In the Whole History of Medicine

No preparation has ever performed such marvelous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation as Dr. KISSNER'S French Liver Pad. It is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering, and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use in the throat and lung disorders of children, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and effects, Physicians and Clergymen recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its remedial effects, and will always cure where cures are possible. For sale by all dealers.

If you are troubled with fever and ague, dumb ague, bilious fever, jaundice, dyspepsia or any disease of the liver, blood and stomach, and wish to get well, try the new remedy, Prof. Guilmette's French Liver Pad—Ask your druggist for it and take no other, and if he has not got it, send \$1.50 in letter to the French Pad Co., Toledo, O., and receive one by return mail.

T. J. MITCHELL,

GENERAL

LAND AGENT,

MANDAN, D. T.

Buys and sells decayed and Railroad lands on commission. Conducts business from sections. Pre-emption and Tree Culture claims, and contracts for breaking and planting trees on tree claims; have complete township plats of all surveyed lands west of the Missouri River on the Missouri Division of the North Pacific Railroad.

Soldiers' Additional Homesteads

And Sioux Half-Breed Scrip Furnished at Reasonable Rates

to parties who prefer to perfect title to lands without paying thereon. Can also furnish, at reduced rates.

Certified Scrip

which can be used in payment for Pre-emption lands the same as money. Correspondence solicited.

Nothing Short of Unmistakable Benefits

Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which AYER'S SARSAPARILLA enjoys. It is a compound of the most powerful and most reliable, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofulous, mercurial, or blood disorders. Uniformly successful and certain in its remedial effects, it produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Bolls, Humors, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders arising from impurities of the blood. By its invigorating effects it always relieves and often cures Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent restorer of vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, restores and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in extensive use, and to-day the most reliable medicine for the suffering sick, anywhere. For sale by all dealers.

Administrator's Notice.